HAVE WE LOST ASIA?

THE ACHILLES' HEEL OF RED CHINA

The Reporter

February 20, 1951

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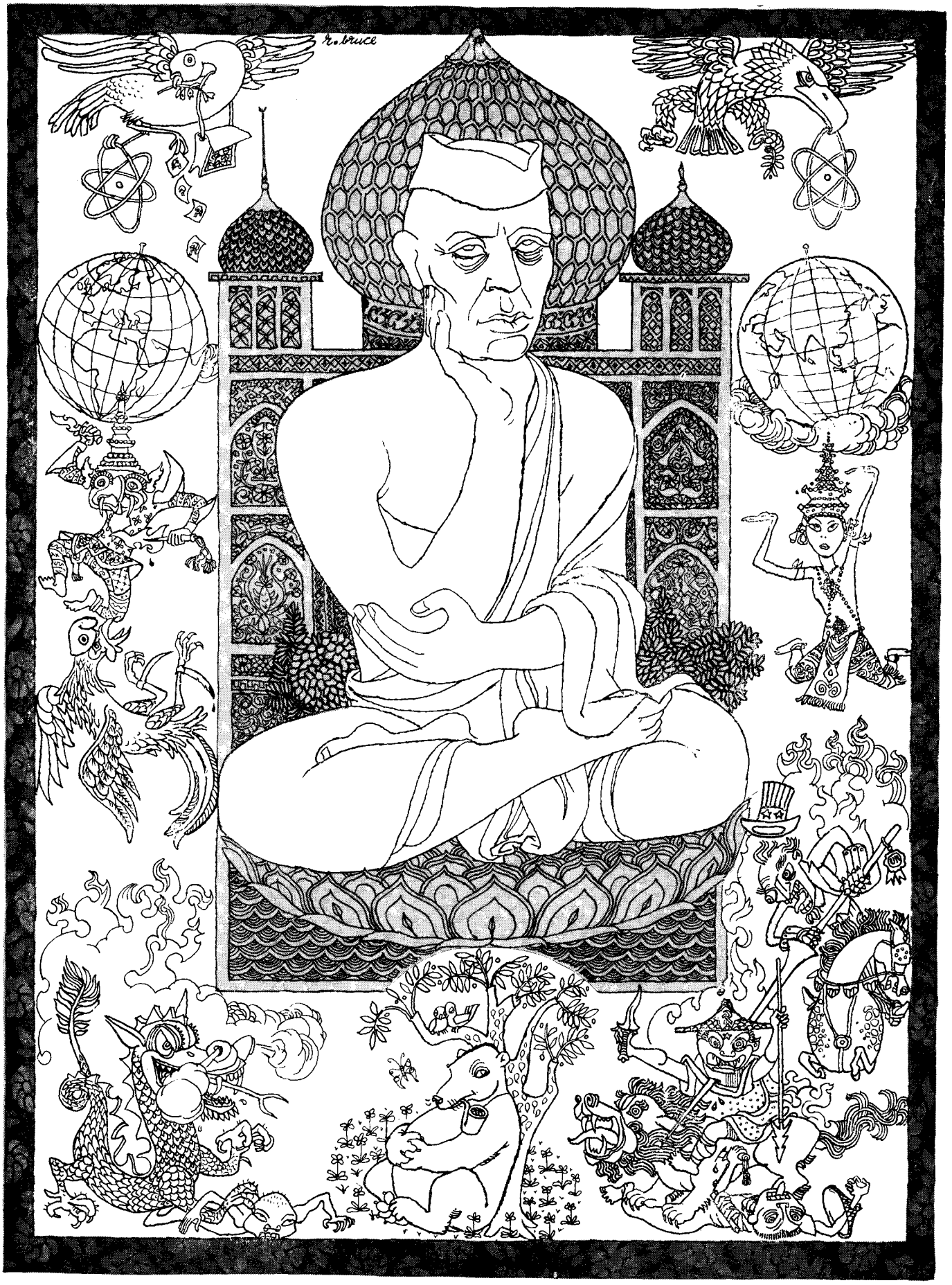

Jawaharlal Nehru: 'He had cause to weep . . . .' (See page 6)

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

February 20, 1951 Volume 4, No. 4

Have We Lost Asia?

The Editorial and *"The Reporter's Notes"* fail to appear in this issue because of the illness of the Editor.

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Correspondence

Cover Clairvoyance

To the Editor: I would quarrel with Irving Howe's classification of Norman Mailer, in his "The Novel in Mid-Century" (your December 26, 1950, issue) as an accurate portrayer of Army life. Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* is crammed with front-line combat men who jabber constantly, profanely, and, at times, anti-Semitically. Believe me, nobody talks much up front in the first place. Anti-Semitism is excess baggage there. It is time these damned novelists learned that the U.S. fighting man is essentially a kindly, naive, and rather pathetic figure.

And now congratulations. In the light of Senator Taft's foreign-policy speech made after the turn of the year, the cover of that December 26 number stands as a remarkable example of accurate prophecy—particularly since it must have been drawn considerably earlier than the date of issue. Just what kind of crystal ball does your Art Director use?

L. B. RABACHE
St. Louis

[*The nonfrosted variety.—The Editors*]

Food Bombardment

To the Editor: In your editorial of January 23, 1951, you criticize the Hoover-Kennedy proposals on foreign policy but offer little in the way of concrete suggestions for improving the present policy, which seems designed simply to prolong the Korean War rather than to win it. Despite the mess America has made of the Korean affair, an obvious way remains to end the war there, victoriously and yet bloodlessly. Such a way hinges upon our recognition of the undoubted fact that the greatest enemy of any police state is not a foreign army or an atomic bomb but the oppressed people of that state, in this case the people behind the Iron Curtain.

We must remember that when Hitler invaded Russia two million of Stalin's troops surrendered to him with hardly a struggle; that Hitler's soldiers were greeted as liberators by the Ukrainian peasantry; that the Red Army had the highest rate of desertion of any army in the world in the last war. We must also remember that the standard of living behind the Iron Curtain is the lowest of any civilized area anywhere; that the peasantry hate the collective farms (they eventually fought Hitler in the last war because he wanted to maintain these); that the workers are horribly exploited; that there are dozens of nationalities within the Russian orbit yearning for independence. These masses are the natural allies of the democratic peoples fighting Stalin. Let us utilize their aid.

Concretely, in Korea, it is well known that the North Korean and Chinese Communist troops fighting the U.N. exist on starvation rations. If American planes dropped food, clothing, and medicine to these men and leaflets telling them that if they surrender they wouldn't be shot or imprisoned, they would give up in droves. The same tactic could be applied in every area of friction in the world. Stalin's oppressed slaves would not fight the benefactors who bear them a gift of food and a promise of freedom.

This proposal constitutes a real alternative to the foreign policies advocated by both parties, for it is a peaceful, unselfish way to conclude the present war against totalitarianism victoriously, as well as a real way to help the suffering masses behind the Iron Curtain. At the same time it would work no hardship on the American people, for their vast food surpluses could be utilized to feed the peoples of the East. Finally, if successful, such a tactic would obviate the necessity for huge expenditures on armaments.

C. MANES
New York City

Maxwell to Confinement?

To the Editor: May we humbly suggest that in the future James A. Maxwell confine his writing to *The New Yorker, Holiday,* and periodicals of that nature? For in "Lausche of Ohio" (*The Reporter,* January 9), despite his many attempts at humor, he fails completely to cover up the fact that he is a political neophyte.

Maxwell would have us believe that able, astute Democrat Lausche is a traitor to his party. But even the most politically naive among us know that he owes his continued success to his utter lack of interest in the doings of men like "Captive Joe" Ferguson.

R. A. MCEVILLEY
Norwood, Ohio

Contributors

Wallace Stegner, author of *The Big Rock Candy Mountain,* is now traveling in the Far East. . . . Lawrence S. Finkelstein is visiting Indonesia on a grant from the Institute of Pacific Relations. . . . Preston Schoyer has written several novels set in China, the latest of which is *The Ringing of the Glass.* . . .Eleanor Clark has been in Italy on a Guggenheim Fellowship. . . . Leo J. Wollemborg is an Italian historian who has contributed frequently to European periodicals. . . . Norman MacKenzie is an editor of *The New Statesman and Nation.* . . . Norman Thomas has often been the candidate of the Socialist Party for President of the United States. . . . Thomas Whiteside is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in *Collier's, Holiday,* and *The New Yorker.* . . . Cover by Dong Kingman, a former resident of Hong Kong; photographs from Keystone Pictures, Inc.

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Propaganda War For India—and Asia

While Indians look on in confusion, the East and West are currently engaged in a propaganda battle to win the heart of India, and through India of all Southeast Asia.

The battle is a sparring rather than slugging match—largely due to the Russians and not the Americans. American propaganda in India is direct, overt, and in general aimed at the educated, official, and English-speaking class. Russian propaganda is, in general, unobtrusive, behind-the-scenes, and directed at student and working groups and the non-English-speaking classes. American officials, including Loy Henderson, the ambassador, would probably be only too glad to take on the Russians in open debate, but the Russians obviously don't want that. A new entry in the battle is Communist China, which now has an embassy in New Delhi and is just beginning to make its presence felt. Meanwhile the British, still the world's most adroit propagandists, carry on their own quiet and enormously effective work—a work so quiet and effective that it often puts the opposition into the position of Thurber's fencer, who doesn't know his head has been cut off until his adversary shouts *"Touché!"*

"We are healthy," one Indian said recently, "as long as we have conflicting propagandas in India, and as long as we continue to listen to all of them and believe none." By this test, India is a very healthy nation indeed. Individuals may believe passionately; collectively (in so far as one can generalize about this nation-which-is-not-a-nation) India remains undecided, and unconvinced that it may ever have to make a final decision.

The West begins, of course, with enormous advantages. Western culture is so much a part of literate Indian life that it is often taken too much for granted. Most important of all, the basic concepts of western liberalism have long since been adopted by India's politicians and thinkers.

It is upon this base that Americans have been trying to build a more specifically pro-American feeling; it is due to a fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of this pro-western base that so little progress has been made and that Indians have sometimes been antagonized by American propaganda.

It is difficult to find the exact shortcomings of American propaganda in India, because superficially it resembles the familiar, competent kind of publicity work which any skillful ex-newspaperman turns out in the States in aid of the March of Dimes or a new

soap flake. There are four United States Information Service offices in India—at New Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras—and the statistics on their operations are impressive.

In one recent month in New Delhi, for instance, the USIS had 5,800 visitors to the library; put on 134 film shows in the Delhi area to a total audience of 72,178 persons; distributed 3,647 copies of a special pamphlet in Hindi called *A Government by the People*; mailed out 25,878 pamphlets, articles, and letters replying to individual queries about the United States; recommended thirty-five students for travel grants to the United States; lent several programs of American music to All-India Radio, and arranged photo exhibits of life in America to a dozen schools.

In addition to these activities, all USIS centers send out each week reams of material to all the newspapers, not only in English, but in Hindi, Bengali, Marathi, Gujarati, and Tamil. The material falls roughly into twenty categories, including magazine reprints, daily radio bulletins, "American Foto Feature" (with glossy prints), economic and labor bulletins produced every other week, a special monthly review of educational news from the United States, profiles of leading Americans, summaries of press opinion in America, and texts of speeches by U. S. leaders.

A new production is a weekly twelve-page tabloid newspaper called *American Reporter,* whose first issue has just appeared. Edited and printed in India, the paper was distributed by mail to twenty thousand readers; it is hoped eventually to expand to fifty thousand. The lead story in the first number is a report of Dean Acheson's year-end broadcast: "Acheson Calls for Peace Through Strength." Other stories on page 1 include "Relief Supplies Leave for India," "U.S. Geologists for India," "Point Four Plan is 'Democracy in Action'," and "U.S. Engineer Helps Food Drive in India." The same pattern of onward-and-uplift is followed inside.

On the whole, the spirit of the newspaper is the same as that which activates all the rest of USIS propaganda: a kind of breezy self-confidence in the greatness of America's expanding economy, and the beneficent effect of

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this economy on all other friendly nations. There are, however, a few touches that indicate someone in USIS is finally beginning to understand India: The writings and speeches of Dr. Ralph Bunche and of Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup, two Americans for whom Indians feel unqualified admiration, are heavily emphasized; the president of the University of Iowa is quoted on the spiritual value of contemplation, and a recipe for a "Vegetarian Dinner à l'Américaine" occupies a large box on page 2. This last item is perhaps typical of the paper—obvious and slightly embarrassing, but aimed in the right direction.

According to *Blitz,* a degenerate and humorously unreliable Indian paper currently engaged in an unrequited love affair with Russia, *American Reporter* was started in an effort to compete with *Soviet News,* which *Blitz* claims has a circulation of eighty thousand copies in India. This figure, like most of the news in *Blitz,* is probably exaggerated, if indeed it has any foundation in fact at all. There is no doubt, however, that Soviet propaganda is making inroads in India and giving USIS plenty of competition.

In radio, the Soviet Union has one potent advantage over America. While Voice of America broadcasts come through faintly, usually at impossible hours like 4 A.M., and can often be jammed by the Russians, Moscow, Tashkent, and Leipzig are heard clearly. Since the number of radio sets in India is extremely small, this is not as important as it might be elsewhere. Nevertheless, for those who can listen Russia keeps up an unremitting barrage against the West.

In general the Russian broadcasts follow the conventional lines, with a heavy emphasis on Far Eastern affairs. Every weak spot of the Anglo-Americans is hit: the treatment of Negroes in the United States; Puerto Rico; British capital in India; continued American influence in the Philippines. Indians are constantly reminded of the historically unsavory role of the West in Asia. A recent talk on the "Predatory Policy of the American Imperialists in Asia," for instance, recalled the shelling of Japan in 1853 by Commodore Perry's fleet, the American landing on Korea on June 10, 1871, and the "seizure" of the Philippines in 1898. It added that in Japan and Korea today American officers, headed by MacArthur, were engaged in the old practices of "robbery, blackmail, and embezzlement."

The same week, several broadcasts sought to widen the rift between India and Pakistan by asserting that Pakistan had made a deal with America, through which Pakistan would receive Kashmir in return for the right to set up strategic air bases in Pakistan and northern Kashmir. Another recurrent theme in Russian propaganda is a more or less routine attack on Nehru and "the ruling clique of India." The attacks on Nehru, however, have diminished in proportion to the increase of such attacks in the West.

Russian news releases, distributed regularly by Tass under the heading "News and Views from the Soviet Union," follow more or less the same line. A recent release contained such

articles as: CURB BEAST OF PREY, YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW, UNITED STATES IMPERIALISTS TURN JAPAN INTO SUPPLIER OF CANNON FODDER, BLOODY BUSINESS, and RICH PASTURES IN THE DESERTS OF KAZAKHSTAN.

The item on Japan more or less typifies the Soviet approach and the constant effort to remind Indians of Asian unity: "Seventy-five Japanese military pilots are undergoing training at the Itatsuke American airbase," the author asserts. "They are being taught the handling of American flying fortresses and jet fighters. After training they will be sent to Korea to die for the interests of the American billionaires. This, however, is only the first group of Japanese to be used as cannon fodder in Korea."

In addition to the regular news features, the Soviet Embassy distributes monthly a beautifully printed magazine depicting in articles and full-color photographs life in the Soviet Union. The news releases, the magazine, and all special publications are printed in the various principal Indian languages as well as in English, and have wide circulation, particularly among non-English-speaking readers. These readers and the editors of their papers are assiduously cultivated by the Russians; guests at embassy parties are not the big-shot Indian journalists of the English-language press who are found at the American parties but obscure, betel-chewing editors of vernacular papers, ragged and eager young students, and wide-eyed government clerks, all tasting the wine of flattery along with their first sip of vodka. The same crowd usually turns up at the weekly Russian film shows.

By far the most telling Russian propaganda, however, is found on the bookstalls of all large Indian cities and towns. Here the impecunious but avid Indian reader can buy for less than a cent each all manner of pamphlets on Soviet affairs and views, and for only a few cents more books on Lenin, Stalin, and Communist dialectics. They are five times cheaper than any American or British books, and are, of course, subsidized and distributed by the Soviet Embassy and Tass.

"Any reading Indian likes to exhibit books on his living-room table," one government official explained. "And naturally, given a choice between a one-rupee Russian book or a five-rupee American book, he will buy the Russian book. Later he may even read it."

The same official suggested that if the United States government would distribute biographies of such figures as Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, and distribute them

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equally cheaply, they would have exactly as wide a sale as the Russian books.

So far the Chinese Communists have confined their propaganda activities to the distribution of photographs of happy Tibetans welcoming the arrival of the Chinese People's Army, and to a few parties arranged along Russian lines. A description of one of these parties that appeared in *The Times of India* is worth reproducing:

"The whole Jind House was converted into a veritable fairyland with multi-colored electric bulbs, which twinkled like stars from the dark green trees. The guests were greeted by the Embassy staff with a broad smile and a bow of the head at every few yards. As every guest entered, he or she was presented with a little metallic flag bearing the bust of Mao Tse-tung engraved on it on a red background. There was a variety of drinks—champagne, whisky, beer, gimlet and what not. Eatables were also in plenty, both vegetarian and non-vegetarian. Only soft drinks were scarce, and I had to hunt for my cup of coffee for well over fifteen minutes.

"Two other additional attractions were an exhibition of Chinese arts and crafts and an open air film depicting the birth of the Republic. It was a revelation to many that there was such a sizable Chinese population in Delhi who had overnight transferred their loyalty to the Republic. The Prime Minister, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and other Ministers, diplomats and high officials were all there. The absence of the diplomatic representatives of the U.S. and U.K. was marked even as the presence of the Russian and Czech diplomats was prominent."

The tone in which this comment is written is illuminating, for it is fairly typical of the attitude of many educated Indians today—a wide-eyed willingness to let the Russians and Chinese exhibit their wares, and a kind of veiled amusement at the rages and predicaments of the West.

Certainly the Indian reaction often seems curious to the American observer, and this oddness perhaps excuses some of the faults of American propaganda.

"The material that really damages your country," one Indian information official told me, "is those terrible magazines." He meant, it developed, *Vogue, Seventeen,* and *Glamour,* which, he claimed, "give Indians a very strange idea of American women." Meanwhile, USIS officials complain that serious students can find no place to sit in the libraries because the chairs are taken all day by young Indians drooling over the corset and bra ads in these very magazines. The same young men later charge bitterly in the coffee houses that America has no culture.

This sort of thing, of course, cannot be helped, and must simply be accepted by Americans as part of the bristling, ambivalent character of Indians, with which they must learn to deal. Indians themselves, however, indirectly suggest ways in which the situation can be helped.

"It's not that we really want to listen to Russian propaganda," an intelligent Indian explained. "But you Americans keep pushing it down our throats, and advertising that that's what you're going to do with your 'truth' campaigns. Why don't you be like the British, and propagandize us without letting us know you're doing it?"

It must be recognized that educated Indians are British, as distinct from American, in their western orientation. Most of the top leaders, from Nehru down, have studied in England, and their bias in favor of the British way of doing things has filtered far down into Indian society. They are passionate about Shakespeare; they devour the solemn, laborious columns of *The Times* of London. They detest showmanship as much as they admire understatement (at least in theory). At the same time their liberal, socialist leanings inspire a warm admiration for the British Labour Government.

The British propagandists, knowing all this very well, give them what they like in the way they like it. The British, like the Americans, send out reams of material to the English and vernacular press each week, but their releases are modest and dignified—possibly pontifical and dull to the American eye, but carefully suited to the Indian taste. They consist in general of editorials from the more responsible British newspapers, and quiet articles on scientific, educational, economic, political, labor, and industrial subjects. Ninety-five per cent of all material is used by the Indian press, in contrast to some thirty or forty per cent of the American material. (No statistics are available on the use of Russian material, but it is thought to be slightly lower than the American.)

The sad truth is that while Britain, to the literate Indian mind, represents culture, education, and good breeding, America has come to mean flashiness, cheesecake, and chewing gum. Politically, Britain represents to the Indian a willingness to experiment in new forms of government and a recognition that economic systems possible for rich countries may not be possible for poor ones. At the same time America represents to many of them reaction, "big business," and what they fear in their confusion may be an attempt to force on them an economic system and a way of life they cannot afford and do not desire.

So far, their impressions of Russia do not really seem to have crystallized. As long as the present British-educated group remains in power it seems unlikely that Soviet propaganda will bear any important fruit in India.

In the meantime, it should be recognized that if India stands with the West in the years to come, it will be because of friendship for Britain rather than for America. —MARGARET PARTON

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India: Crowds, Resignation, And the Cominform Line

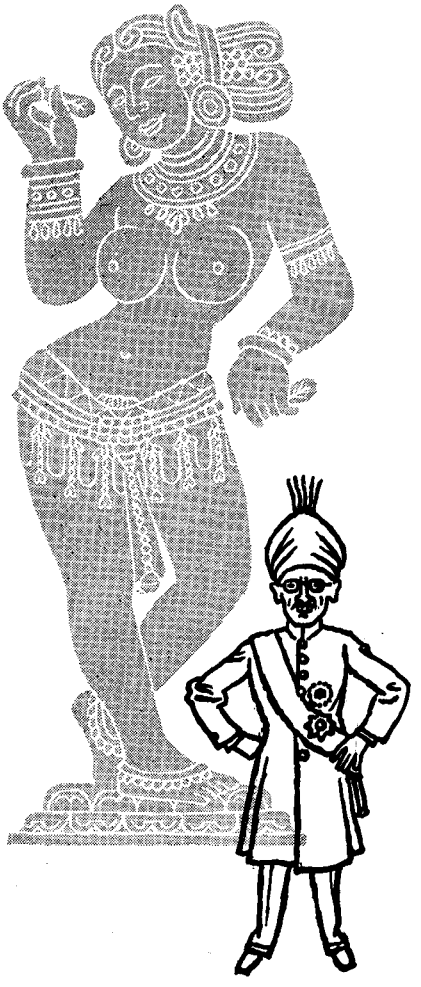
At Mahatma Gandhi's cremation, according to an American newspaperwoman, a half-naked holy man seized a palm branch and did a grotesque, posturing dance around the pyre. The newspaperwoman glanced at Jawaharlal Nehru, close at hand, and saw his face streaming with tears. She thought he wept not only for Gandhi but for the dancing holy man and the distance India must come from superstition and a paralyzing past. He had cause to weep. After two months in India, I think it must take more courage to be an enlightened leader in modern India than to be anything else on earth.

India bombards a traveler with impressions. One is an oppressive sense of crowding, a feeling of how many million indistinguishable human beings it takes to make population statistics for Asia, a nightmare of faces, figures, bare backs, thin legs, naked children, hovels on the sidewalks of main streets, patient people standing in line by open hydrants for a chance to bathe, the absolute denial of individual dignity or privacy. That is one. But along with it, its constant corollary, is the sense that many people are standing or sitting or lying quietly in the very midst of uproar, that privacy and quiet have been enforced upon the most unlikely circumstances.

A mother sleeps at hot midday in the middle of the sidewalk on Chowringhee, the Fifth Avenue of Calcutta, while two naked children crawl beside her. The crowds move around and past her; a humpbacked cow ruminates in the doorway of a photographer's shop; Sikh taxi drivers honk their horns furiously among the rickshaws, tongas, and pedestrians within ten feet of her uncaring head.

She is one of millions, as common as the cows and water buffalo which are also there on Chowringhee, crossing the great artery in slow files while the balked traffic howls at their heels and hurrying girls and women goad them on with eyes intent for the dropped dung, hands eager to scoop it into baskets for patting into dung cakes. In the midst of Calcutta's traffic, the cow; within the roar of an overcrowded city of several millions, the quiet bundles of rags, hundreds and thousands of them, that in a worse year might be dead instead of sleeping.

And always, all over India, the beggars, remembered for the dry sliding of calloused skin on pavement, the glimpse of frog limbs, stumps, humpbacks, sores, the whine of the beggar voice saying words made for tourists, words the sayer probably only half understands: *No mama, no papa, four anna baksheesh; no mama, no papa, Sahib.*



Turning to his Indian friends, who belong to the educated and secure fifteen per cent, an American is likely to cry for action, but his first impulse fades fast. It is like standing at a warehouse fire with a cupful of water. Dozens of fortunes like the Nizam of Hyderabad's would still leave India in need of charity. The apparent indifference of many Indians to the miseries of their own countrymen is not actually indifference but resignation.

But the modern Republic of India is dedicated to the western notion of altering the environment rather than submitting to it. It is committed to the reclamation of the silted-up rivers, the building of an industrial machine, and the creation of agricultural self-sufficiency in a land always synonymous with famine, a land, moreover, whose cost of living has risen four hundred per cent since 1939. Lacking technicians, money, and experience, torn by a dozen internal tendencies that the newspapers repeatedly and rather fondly call "fissiparous," caught between the two great power blocs, India is still bent on a social and economic change comparable to Russia's after 1917. It distrusts the nations that might help it, while it persists in regarding without great alarm the nation that could swallow it. Finally, it aspires to be the hub of Asia and the bridge between Asia and the rest of the world.

All these elements, tossed into the bottomless tarpot of India's poverty,

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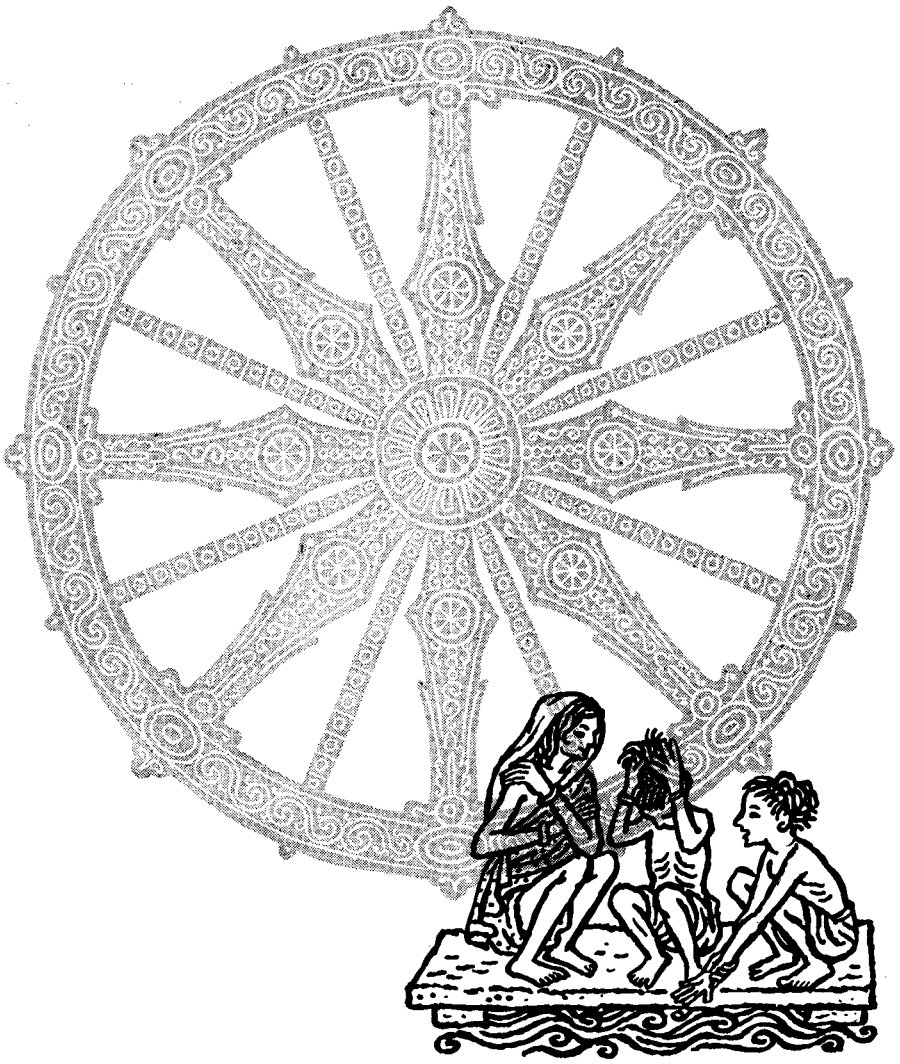

have brought the nation to a peculiarly smoky boil. Trying to find a united and feasible course of action among all the contradictions is what makes so many Indians irascible in their politics. It leads other Indians, in the traditional Indian way, to turn away.

A Bengali novelist who has served twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service and who is now bleakly disillusioned with the Congress Party told me: "I can't swim against the current and I won't swim with it. There is no hope of anything good out of the Congress any more." So he will retire, at forty-five, to Santiniketan, the "place of peace," where the poet Rabindranath Tagore long ago founded a school. There he will do what many another Indian has done before him—think, write, and take gentle walks. The practical talents which the country so desperately needs will be withdrawn from active life.

One of the most moving things that happened to my wife and me in India was a visit to an old scholar in Bangalore, a man who continued to speak the living Sanskrit in his family, worshiped the cow, and kept his Brahman household untouched. He wanted us to eat a characteristic Indian dish, bananas with coconut and lime, prepared the Brahman way. He broke his caste rules to ask us. In his poor cramped little house he showed us his few worn books and played us a tune on the vina, most ancient of instruments, while his shy wife brought in the bananas with coconut. When we left he introduced us to his cow, whose seasons he was watching according to some theory of rhythm and whose breeding, he assured us, always brought forth heifer calves. Then he gave us two of his books in Sanskrit and his children presented us with a small dirty Indian flag.

He wanted in his goodness to show us a real Indian home, untouched by the West. He showed us the past, not the present. The present is louder, noisier, more confused.

A people united for generations against a foreign ruler expect independence to solve everything. Instead they find it a labor of Hercules. Trained by fifty years in opposition, India's intellectuals after three years of independence are sniping at the Congress almost as industriously as they used to snipe at the British. Socialists like Asoka Mehta and Jai Prakash Narayan are trying to put together a political organization capable of enforcing reforms on the Congress; Congress people are trying to clean up black marketing. Then there are Communists and fellow travelers and what Arthur Koestler calls "fellow travelers' fellow travelers."

How much pro-Communist feeling is there in India? Plenty, especially among intellectuals. It is not always actively pro-Russian. It is often simply pro-Marx, and sometimes it is quaintly combined with a vague hostility to Russia's expansionism. But fairly frequently, in spite of the suppression of the party in some Indian states, it is frankly made in Moscow, and its positions and arguments and epithets all wear the appropriate look of mass production with interchangeable, smoothly fitting parts.

In a considerable section of the daily and weekly press the pure party line is vociferously aired. The only other place we found it so unmistakable was among college students. In a half dozen colleges and universities where I lectured on American writing I looked down to see that little clot of youths, leaning to whisper together and giving me the smirk of superior knowledge, and during the question period I was bound to get the question about the "suppression" and jailing of Howard Fast, and the one about the refusal of a passport to Paul Robeson, and the rest. The question that stopped me was whether most American writers were not in the pay of the great capitalists. It took me a little while to figure out where they had got that one: We were traveling on a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

In Hyderabad State, where Communist terrorists hold large regions,

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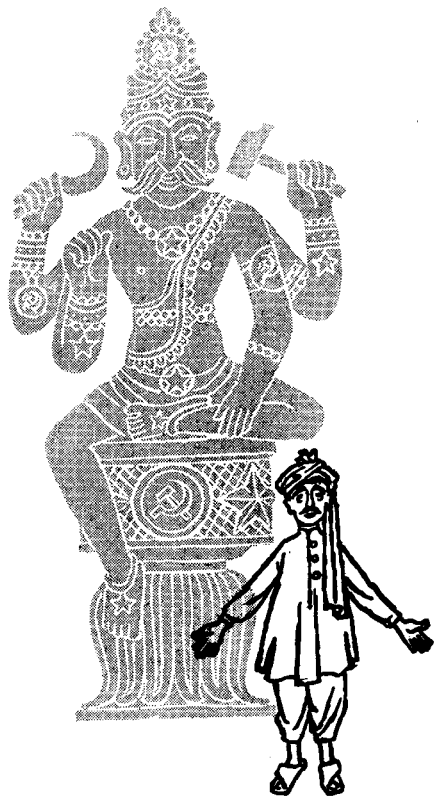
both weapons and literature captured by the troops have come from Russia. But in most parts of India the fellow traveler is much more common than the party member, and the Indian fellow traveler is of many shades of opinion.

It has been our cumulative impression, corroborated by a number of experienced newspapermen, that many Indian intellectuals stand almost exactly where many American intellectuals stood during the mid-1930's. Disgust with democratic inefficiency or graft is part of the pattern, as is the liberal's impatience for real social reform. Many Indians cannot quite believe yet that Russia has totally betrayed the human credulity and hope that the revolution first inspired. They cling to the old fiction that liberalism and Communism are natural allies, different degrees of the same thing. They have not yet counted up the victims of Communism and found that the first to go are always the liberals, trade-unionists, progressives, and moderate socialists.

They look at Asia, at the nationalist independence movements with which as Asians and recent revolutionaries they are in sympathy, and find Russia apparently supporting them. The nations which insist that Russia is only waiting to swallow these countries as soon as they are "liberated" are all, says the Indian, supporting the forces of the old imperialisms. Most of the Indians we talked with who showed signs of wavering toward Communism were convinced that adopting Communism did not mean domination by Russia, and some even yet insist that Mao is his own man.

These are merely some of the reasons why Indians don't get as excited about Communist expansion as we think they should. The reasons they may nibble at the notion of Communism for India are more explicit. India's difficulties are so pressing that many feel democracy is too slow, too dependent on education and a trained citizenry, too closely linked with laissez faire, to do the job.

Within an hour or two, three different people in Calcutta said it. "Give me ten years and dictatorial powers, and I'll make Calcutta the model city of India," said a prominent local official and art patron. An American-trained dentist said, "Twenty years, if we go Communist. Maybe seventy, maybe never, if we don't." And one of Bengal's best novelists guessed with somewhat self-conscious exaggeration that a dictatorship was probably the best hope for India, even if it had to kill a third of the nation and suppress personal liberty for fifty years.



It is the internal problems, rather than invasion or infiltration, that make many journalists guess that India has a fifty-fifty chance of going Communist. Disappointment in the accomplishments of democracy, the temptation of the Big Promise to a people politically ignorant, abysmally poor and conditioned to following strong leaders, might bring them to the point where they would think there was nothing to lose and perhaps a little rice to gain. One of the biggest reasons why the latent sympathy has not yet crystallized as a political movement for power is that there is no Communist leadership of any stature in India, certainly no one even remotely approaching Nehru.

But the prestige of both the Congress and of Nehru has waned somewhat. Among the politically rabid Bengalis especially, the "detention without trial" clause that President Prasad wrote into the Indian Constitution is justification for almost any sort of rebellion. As the American wife of a Calcutta writer put it: "What is so dreadful to Americans about Communists is their police methods. But our own supposedly democratic government can throw anyone in prison for six months without a trial and without charges. What's so different between that and the Communist police state?"

The logic was a little faulty, but the attitude was by no means atypical among the intellectuals of Calcutta, who struck us as the most political, the most embittered, and the most fellow traveling of all the intellectual groups we met in India.

Talk of human rights sounds academic and even hypocritical when one can spit in any direction and hit ten people whose status is hardly human. Journalists, writers, college students, and some college professors showed us many times their willingness to break eggs in order to make the omelet. Though dozens of them were warm friends and supporters of America and the democracies, a large number revealed that scorn and hatred of America that so dismayed delegates to the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference at Lucknow in October.

Some of this is based on the Indian need for neutrality, for a breathing spell, and on the fear that America will coerce or buy Indian support in the world struggle. Indian sentiment is overwhelmingly against involvement in any war. I suspect that the harsh tone Indians sometimes take toward the democracies is half defensive, to cover a sense of neglected obligation. They speak ill of the friends they would like to help but cannot, or they make Russia and America out to be equally dangerous forces, to be steered between at all costs.

Oddly, anti-British feeling is rare. With a kind of sporting gesture, Indians forgave the British everything when they moved out, and kept everything but the actual persons of their former rulers—kept the language, the education, the attitudes. They kept also their own old hatred of imperialism, and the tag, being now inapplicable to the British, is tied on the hap-

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less Americans, whose every offer of money or help brings a clamor of resistance and suspicion, and whose every move in Asia is interpreted as a possible part of a master plan of "economic imperialism." "Do you seriously say that America had no imperialist aims behind her intervention in Korea?" a professor asked me.

"Imperialism" is so potent a shibboleth in India that the most effective propaganda for either Russia or America has been simply to get that hated term attached to the enemy. It has become attached to the United States rather than to Russia. Many Indians want to think the worst of us, and to support their feeling they point not only to "imperialism" but to the atomic bomb.

The day after Mr. Truman made his widely misquoted remarks about the possible use of the bomb in Korea, I talked to three different groups in Bangalore. The atmosphere was one of pious horror. The great bulk of Indians certainly believe any nation that drops the bomb loses its claim to humanity—which was a primary objective of the Cominform "peace" campaign. Many think that America will never drop it on any but a colored nation—that it is linked as a war weapon with the race prejudice they attribute to us. And those who most fear the bomb in American hands do not seem alarmed about what Russia will do with it. When newsreels show American planes bombing Korean targets, there is booing from Indian audiences.

The will to think the worst of America is cultural as well as political. Knowledge of the United States is extremely spotty, though before the Korean outbreak India was second only to China among Asian countries in the number of its students in American universities, and now probably sends as many of them to us as all the rest of Asia combined. It was noticeable too that we never talked to a single person who had studied in the States and come back anything but a booster for America. Nevertheless, the average Indian intellectual still gets his cultural cues and some of his cultural prejudices from London, and his knowledge of America comes from the movies and the magazines.

A dentist told us in all seriousness that all Americans have heavy jaw muscles from chewing so much gum. A lady at a tea asked if we had any symphony orchestras. When William Faulkner won the Nobel Prize, I was asked to give a hurry-up talk to a university group in Hyderabad. No one in the university had read Faulkner, and most had never heard of him.

It was news to many of the cultivated people we met that America had any culture beyond the sleazy and mass-produced. We heard Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar describe American civilization as a sort of animate Standard of Living composed mainly, apparently, of refrigerators. This refrigerator civilization it was so furious to impose upon the rest of the world that it would even give the rest of the world the money to buy the refrigerators from it. Sir C. P.'s advice to India was to reject the refrigerators and cultivate the spiritual life.

There are few opportunities for the Indian who wants to get a real notion of what America means. On the one hand he is always open to anti-American propaganda. On the other he cannot find on Indian newsstands most of the serious American magazines of opinion and the arts. American books are available only at a few U.S. Information Service libraries and in a few universities, and even in these places the supply is far smaller than the demand.

What would obviously do more to correct misinformation about us than any other single thing is a series of really good objective documentary films about American life. Many of those available through the consulates are dull, but I watched several hundred Nizam College students react to a TVA documentary with Hindu sound track, and there is no doubt in my mind that Indian respect for that sort of Ameri-

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can enterprise is instantaneous and universal. While Russia sponsors free movies in all the great Indian cities, hiring theaters for a week and promoting the sponsorship of prominent Indians, we can hardly counter with the average Hollywood output unless it is counterbalanced by soberer self-portraits. Indians do not fully understand the exaggerations of American self-criticism. When we kick ourselves around almost as much as our enemies do, they feel that there must be something slightly rotten in Columbia.

The fabled cultural leadership of India over all South and Southeast Asia is, from our observation, hardly further out of the blueprint stage than most of India's reclamation projects. Though Indian culture anciently fertilized Burma, Siam, Indonesia, and even China, there is little evidence that any large exchange of students or arts or publications is yet taking place. The education of most of the youth in all those countries is going on in the West or in western terms. India itself has only the English language to use for cultural interchange with most of Southeast Asia. The Colombo Plan, to tie Southeast and South Asia closer economically, is a Commonwealth matter that owes more to Australian than to Indian initiative. India seems too engrossed with its internal problems and with the pressing world situation to take many steps toward cultural leadership in Asia.

Devadas Gandhi, the Mahatma's son and managing editor of the *Hindustan Times*, summed it up when we were discussing the effects of the multi-lingual program. I was regretting that Indians must learn at least three languages—Hindi, one of the regional vernaculars, and English—in order to function as effectively educated men, and I was dubious about the effects on Indian literature. "Then literature will have to wait," Gandhi said.

The food problem won't wait; the irrigation and power problems won't wait; the Russians and the Chinese won't wait; the critics of the Congress won't wait; the emaciated farmers of Bengal and Bihar won't wait forever. I should say there is very grave danger that too many Indians will decide that democracy will have to wait.

—Wallace Stegner

Indonesia: Growing Pains Of a Young Republic

On December 27, 1950, the first anniversary of the simple ceremonies conferring sovereignty on the Republic of Indonesia, conditions there were not good—but they were much better than might have been expected.

In December, 1949, after three and a half years of Japanese occupation and more than four years of struggle for national liberation, Indonesia found itself with a well-stocked arsenal, a vast number of young men who knew only fighting, and a serious problem of internal security.

The first year of independence has been marked by a series of "incidents," of which the most dramatic was the Westerling affair. "Turk" Westerling, a former captain in the Dutch Army, led a rebellion that succeeded in capturing Bandung and posing a major threat to Indonesian military authority in parts of west Java. In April there was another uprising, this time in Macassar, capital of the island of Celebes, where Dutch-Indonesian Army (K.N.I.L.) troops revolted at the prospect of disbandment. Then there was a rebellion in Ambon, also touched off by K.N.I.L. troops, who resented the incorporation of Ambon into the Republic.

The Government has survived all these threats, thanks largely to the present Deputy Prime Minister, thirty-six-year-old Hamangku Buwono IX, Sultan of Jogjakarta, who handles internal security matters. The sultan, who has always supported the Indonesian struggle for independence, has the toughest job in the Cabinet. In some quarters he is accused of aspiring to revive something like the great Majapahit Empire, which dominated central Java in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But others welcome his leadership in security matters as evidence of governmental vigor.

The series of insurrections and rebellions has made it necessary for the government to maintain a sizable force under arms. Discipline is less than satisfactory, and there are frequent

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shooting affrays in the Indonesian Army itself. The situation is further complicated by the slow rate at which Dutch and Ambonese soldiers remaining in Java are being sent home. Perhaps four thousand Dutch troops are still quartered in Java, and it is widely believed that they have been giving arms to lawless elements. Each month's leakage has been estimated at enough arms for one battalion. So long as the Dutch soldiers remain, demobilization of the large Indonesian Army will continue to be delayed.

The number of armed men on the streets of Jakarta is disturbing. Automatic weapons—submachine guns, Bren and Sten guns—are seen everywhere. In many parts of the country it is dangerous to travel by car after dark. Some armed bands, like Darul Islam, the fanatical Moslem movement in western Java, and Communist groups in central and eastern Java, are terrorists for political reasons. Other gangs terrorize for thrills or profit. In central Java several people are murdered each week on European plantations. In the cities, automobile thefts, housebreakings, and armed robberies have reached alarming proportions. In Jakarta a Cabinet Minister was recently held up by armed thugs.

This problem stems partly from the vast numbers of dislocated young people, one of the Republic's biggest headaches. The government is attempting to attract some into the regular army, but if anything that complicates the bigger problem—providing nonmilitary employment for the thousands of soldiers who must be demobilized.

To restore order, the government has recently conducted an arms collection drive, promising amnesty to those who turned in their weapons and offering incorporation into the army to armed bands which chose to adopt this course. The drive was officially to have terminated on December 4, but the meager results achieved by that date led to an indefinite prolongation. At best, the results have been disappointing. Up to the middle of December about 8,500 guerrillas had surrendered in Java, but they had only given up seven hundred weapons. This has barely scratched the surface.

Concurrently, the government, under the sultan's leadership, conducted extensive security sweeps in Jakarta, Bandung, Bogor, and other places. On November 18, for example, the residents of Jakarta awoke to discover all movement prohibited. Everyone was confined indoors for several hours and all traffic in and out of the city was halted while the police and military conducted intensive searches. Even the homes of foreign diplomats were entered—"by inadvertence," the government later explained.

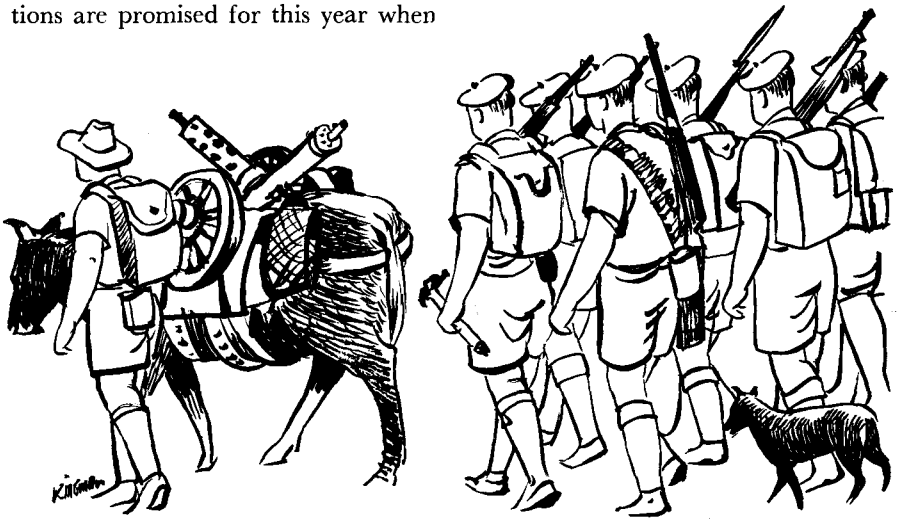
An inordinate part of government revenue and energy now has to be devoted to security matters rather than to the longer-range problems of rehabilitation and economic development.

Like the United States, Indonesia started out as a federal republic. The Indonesian provisional constitution, like ours, calls for a distribution of functions between the central government in Jakarta and "the participant territories" or "autonomous constitutional units." But the year since the transfer of sovereignty has seen the transformation of this structure into a rather tangled, centralized "unitarian" state. Even where local autonomy has advanced furthest, as for example in the Territory of West Java, the central government remains the predominant governing authority. The relationships between the President of the Republic and its Prime Minister, and among the Prime Minister, his Cabinet, and the Parliament, remain ill defined. Stable government is rendered even more difficult because the first requirement for democratic government has not yet been fulfilled: There have been no national elections. Parliamentary elections are promised for this year when security conditions permit. But for the time being, Indonesia is in the anomalous position of having a parliamentary government without an elected Parliament.

President Soekarno is unquestionably the strongest and most popular political personality in the archipelago. Prime Minister Natsir, on the other hand, although he represents the strongest political force in the country, the Masjumi (Moslem) Party, and although he is generally revered as a wise and devoted statesman, is not a magnetic political personality. Until there are elections, the Prime Minister, no matter who he is, will necessarily stand in the shadow of President Soekarno.

The severe shortage of technicians and of experienced administrators is another legacy of Dutch rule. For the time being, about seven thousand Dutchmen are working in the Ministries of Finance, Economic Affairs, and Education. Patently, there are difficulties in this arrangement. The nationalistic climate requires that these Dutch officials be replaced as soon as possible, and intensive efforts are being made to train Indonesians. The government has established a Foreign Service Institute under the direction of a senior diplomatic officer on loan from the Netherlands government. Many Indonesians are receiving training abroad in scientific and technical fields under various programs, including some of the United States aid arrangements.

In the economic field, progress has apparently been made since the transfer of sovereignty. Stringent government currency-and-exchange controls,



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coupled with extraordinarily high prices for tin and rubber, and increased exports of these commodities, have combined to strengthen the Indonesian currency. At the end of 1950 the black-market rate for the dollar was less than twice the official rate (about 7.50 rupiahs for one dollar), as compared with up to thirty rupiahs a year before. But consumer goods remain scarce. Inferior linen trousers sell for about fifteen U.S. dollars in Jakarta shops. Scotch whisky, probably smuggled from Singapore, sells at from sixty to ninety-five rupiahs, and tastes as if it had been tampered with. Canned goods are available in small quantities, but at prices which put them beyond the reach of most Indonesians. A small bar of Nestlé's chocolate costs three and a half rupiahs, or about forty-five U.S. cents at the official rate. Wage scales remain low; trade unions are attempting to raise plantation wages to three rupiahs a day.

Unemployment can be judged by the thousands of street vendors who sell cigarettes and such in all the cities and along roadsides. Years of fighting in the countryside have driven people into the cities, and housing is scarce. Jakarta's population is now estimated at between two and three million; before the war it was about one million. Fortunately, the climate is kind, or the many families who are forced to sleep in the open and in crude shacks in public places would suffer terribly. For many, decent sanitation is unknown.

A large proportion of the Indonesian economy remains in foreign hands, mostly Dutch. Air and sea transportation are still virtual Dutch monopolies. A large number of the plantations are Dutch-owned. Most of the import and export trade is concentrated in the hands of a few powerful Dutch companies. Small enterprise is controlled almost entirely by the large Chinese population. Government efforts to encourage Indonesian investment have thus far met with little success. The government is very much aware of these problems, and the young Cabinet Ministers who are concerned with the economic life of the country have ambitious plans for making use of outside assistance, such as the ECA program, the Export-Import Bank credit of $100 million, and various U.N. programs to develop the economy and increase the proportion of Indonesian investment.

Preoccupation with pressing internal

problems helps to explain Indonesia's foreign policy, which is one of independence verging on isolationism. The Indonesian revolution was a rebellion against external rule in all its manifestations—political, economic, and spiritual. With the formal recognition of national independence the revolution was only half completed. The Indonesian people still want to enjoy the economic benefits of the upheaval. Indonesians now revel in their new dignity as a free and independent nation, as Americans must have reveled in independence after their Revolution. But as in the United States a century and a half ago, the task of building a nation and of satisfying the material wants of the population remains.

If the present government fails in this undertaking, there are other men, less concerned with the essentials of democratic government, all too willing to assume the responsibility. The dangers of totalitarianism are not absent from Indonesia. One faction beckons the young nation down the road of extreme xenophobic nationalism, and of course there is always Communism.

There is not much anti-Americanism, although one occasionally hears the familiar slogans about American "imperialism." Most Indonesians like Americans as individuals and the United States as a country. They like American things. American films predominate among the foreign ones; Indonesians who can afford them prefer Fords, Chevrolets, Plymouths, and the ubiquitous Willys Jeep. English is the most popular foreign language.

The Indonesian Constitution in many ways reflects a study of American constitutional institutions. The present government is democratic, leaning strongly toward the principles concerning civil liberties established by Magna Carta and the French and American Revolutions.

Most Indonesians do not, however, feel compelled to choose sides for an impending world-wide showdown. They urgently want time to complete their national development unobstructed by "foreign entanglements." Indonesians have a firm belief in the United Nations, and they believe they can carry out their international commitments without leaning to either side in the war of the titans. They believe that the United States may be

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acting out of hysterical anti-Communism. Many of them considered the U.N. action in crossing the 38th parallel unnecessarily provocative. They saw it as added evidence that anti-Communism rather than the preservation of peace was the dominant motive in American policy. American alliance with Bao Dai and the French in Indo-China places the United States, according to Indonesian beliefs, in opposition to the continuing colonial revolution in Southeast Asia.

On the other hand, the government has few illusions about the Communists. A subject of considerable current concern is the request of the new Chinese Communist Embassy to be allowed to take over all consulates in Indonesia previously run by the Chinese Nationalists. There are about two million persons of Chinese origin in Indonesia, and the government is afraid that the consulates might provide an outlet for propaganda and other activities directed against it. This concern is based particularly on the fear that the Chinese government will insist on maintaining an extended doctrine of *jus sanguinis,* by which Chinese everywhere remain Chinese citizens no matter what their actual status may be. The Indonesian government has thus far put off the request to reopen the consulates on the ground that a more complete tabulation of the number of Chinese must be completed before the validity of the request can be properly determined.

Indonesia has begun its national existence at a time of global crisis that will not permit many countries the luxury of isolation. Knowing this, Indonesians can only solace themselves with the knowledge that for the time being their nation can contribute very little of real value in the contest of power between the major industrialized nations of the world.

Before Indonesia can be a real force in world affairs it must develop its internal strength. By helping the new nation to do this, the United States could reassure not only Indonesians but also other Asians about its motives. And, of course, there is the strong probability that the Communists themselves will help in demonstrating where Indonesia's interests lie and who its real friends are.

—Lawrence S. Finkelstein

The Achilles' Heel Of Red China

Of those books on China which have a message, the best have the most difficulty driving it home precisely because they present China and the Chinese too well. The extraordinary antics of the Chinese, their imaginative ec-

centricities, their rambunctious individuality, their infinitely varied human qualities keep bouncing and flashing and chattering their way through any truly faithful presentation of the Chinese scene with such vitality as almost to obliterate the more sober message. No matter how reasonable and just that message may be, one is usually left with the impression that only the Chinese themselves have any lasting reality, not the plans, hopes, theories with which they toy or which toy with them.

In respect to the new order in China, this same impression and these demonstrated qualities have led many Old China Hands to remark that while the Communists may have taken over the country, Communism has not conquered the people and never will. In time the people will either destroy it or eat it up. When questioned further these people are not too articulate, making confident but vague gestures at the past. "The Chinese," they say, "have always absorbed their conquerors."

The more realistic opposition attacks this attitude by pointing out that Chinese Communism's proponents are Chinese, that no matter what the Chinese are like they have always lived under authoritarian rule, have never known democracy and have always had a socialistic state. It is also observed that as long as the Communists are tolerably effective in promoting the general welfare, there is no clear historical precedent for revolt; and even should the Chinese resent the pinch of totalitarianism, the Communist techniques of control are such that revolt is impossible.

This argument is logical, but once again Chinese behavior keeps interfering. The people remain the one constant which, for all its component variables, is unchanging in its boisterous response to life. This awareness forces one to reconsider the complacent attitude of the Old China Hand. Perhaps there are qualities in the Chinese that will at least create friction with Communism, or even uproot it.

Most observers admit to a sense of hopelessness on the question of Chinese character, for no sooner does one pass a particular judgment on the Chinese than it fades in the manner of the Cheshire Cat, leaving little behind but a secretive Chinese smile.

The trouble is that most of us attempt to examine the Chinese in a western way, making neat pigeonholes into which we can put generalizations based on collected incident. If one attacks the problem inversely, it can be seen that the very elusiveness of the Chinese is in itself a characteristic, one that thrives on contradiction and

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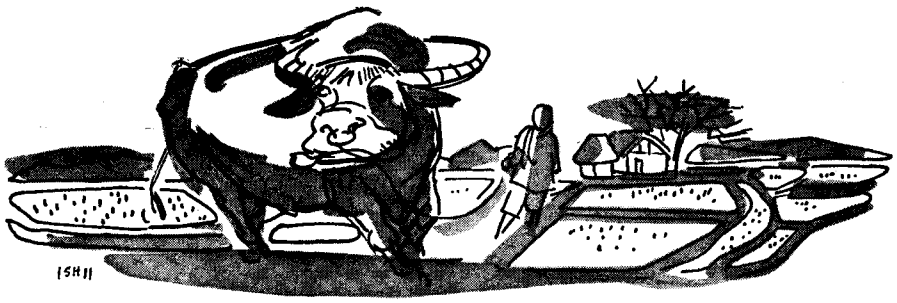
grows greener with inconsistency. That characteristic is this: Of all civilized peoples, the Chinese are the most uninhibited, the most natural in their response to life. They are intense humanists. To explain China, then, is to explain the unknowable: man, nature, the universe. It can't be done.

There are no historical landmarks for the growth of Chinese humanism. But to make the nature of the tradition clearer, it is useful to mention one of China's ancient sages, Lao-tse, known historically as the founder of the spurious religion and the escapist philosophy of Taoism. Neither of these is important here, only Lao-tse. He himself would have spurned them both, for he held that organization in any form was inimical to the welfare of man; philosophy he may have thought less dangerous, but its very articulation was contrary to his beliefs because words are in themselves organizing agents. "Name me no names," said Lao-tse; "follow the Tao." And when asked what the Tao meant, he replied: "Those who know do not tell, and those who tell do not know." This cryptic remark obviously didn't clarify things much, yet it was true enough. For the Tao meant "the way" and in relation to his further teachings was seen to be synonymous with nature, life, all things, and the great cosmic flow thereof out of infinity into eternity. To explain would be to define, to define would be to limit, to limit would be to deny. Hence, in its very effort, explanation of the Tao denied the Tao.

Lao-tse urged complete withdrawal from the organizing forces of society (which in their very effort restricted and corroded the human spirit) into a harmony with nature, of which man is himself a part. It is in his distaste for all organizing agents with their deadening restraints on natural human behavior that one finds the essential character of Chinese humanism. Lao-tse's spirit has a deeper, broader hold on Chinese thought and behavior than Confucius ever had or Marx could possibly have today.

The Chinese spirit has many facets, some of which have been noted. Most of these qualities can be seen in Americans; the difference is a matter of degree. For example, the Chinese are essentially democratic in spirit and so are we. But in China that spirit can go so



far as to include all living things. At a zoo in an inland Chinese city I once discovered, sitting between a mangy tiger and a sick monkey, an equally dilapidated giant. There was also a dwarf who now and again waddled out of his cage to assist the zoo-keeper. As one Chinese can brutalize others, so he can brutalize an animal, but he has no objection to living with his ox or in a zoo with a tiger.

Chinese society is like a river moving between very firm banks, its course immutable, yet always in its waters little races, whirlpools, rushes, and hesitations that are forever changing, uncertain, unpredictable. With this fluid approach to life, little in Chinese civilization remains absolute, save man and nature, one and inseparable. All else is either relative, molding *to* rather than molding human circumstance, or is avoided, spurned, ignored; and if

the latter is impossible, then it is resented.

A few examples will show more clearly how this is so.

Abstractions that have no application to life are ignored as unreal. Those that have application are never treated as fixed and immutable. A case in point is that of weights, distances, volumes, and the like. If you ask a farmer the distance to the next village, which in fixed western concept is six miles off, he will inform you it is four miles if the road is downhill, eight if it is uphill, and any number of variations of these depending on the weather, your age, and similar related problems. If by chance he hits on six miles, it is the wildest kind of accident. Any effort to put him right will be met by a dull, uncomprehending stare because it would never occur to him to judge the distance except in relation to the human problem of getting there.

The Chinese are submissive to time as decreed by natural authority: the roll of the seasons, day and night. But arbitrary, unnatural fractions such as ten minutes to two or a quarter past eight are generally ignored. A Chinese who wanted me to teach him English used to come hours ahead of his appointment when he felt eager to learn, and once his eagerness brought him in two days ahead of schedule. Later, when enthusiasm began to wane, he was just as inaccurate in the opposite direction.

Another Chinese friend, a resident of Changsha, was forever puzzled as to why the tickets for the local train to Hankow didn't cost more than those for the express, inasmuch as the local train gave one both a longer ride and a better opportunity to view the scenery.

"The more rules and regulations there are, the more thieves and robbers there will be," runs an old Chinese proverb. Restrictions which are fixed and arbitrary, and therefore restrictive

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of the free human spirit, always raise a contentious spirit. They are either ignored or resented. A Chinese who has a garden will never put up a sign "Keep Off the Grass," as it would only invite a much more severe trampling than if he had put up no sign at all. He avoids the problem by erecting a wall. In those cities that have stop lights I have never observed any general obedience to them unless there is a policeman on hand. Once when a ricksha in which I was riding did stop, I asked the puller why. "I like to watch the colors," he said.

The law in China, bowing to this contentious spirit, has been dependent on the wisdom or whim of man, not on any elaborate civil code. Each case is decided on its human practicalities, with the official in charge guided, ideally by no other directive than a vague benevolence. Indeed, the Chinese have traditionally regarded our complex legal structure as so arbitrary, so capable of inhumanity as to be utterly barbarous. The present day has seen the development of a legal system patterned on those of the West, but it has rarely been applied.

In Shanghai a few years ago an aging European with a flair for amorous adventure was turned over to the police by his pretty Chinese mistress on a trumped-up charge of criminal assault. The old man was sent to jail, the judge finding him guilty on the unjust but perfectly human ground that "no pretty young Chinese girl would go to bed with an ugly old foreigner like you."

In their attitudes toward religion and the afterlife the Chinese generally show a genial irreverence. Superstition forces the uneducated to placate an endless array of gods, demons, and spirits. But their approach to this unseen world is principally a practical one of trying by any means, even deceit, to avoid the wrath or caprice of these tormentors. In south China there is a fire god known as the Red Emperor, a prudish deity easily shocked by impropriety. When fires break out in a city, the spirit of the Red Emperor is presumed to be in residence in the local shrines. The Chinese do not offer prayers and sacrifice; instead they paste indecent literature about the god's effigy to shock him into leaving town.

The average Chinese among the better educated still agrees with Confucius: "I don't know this life, so how can I know the next?" Even among those Chinese who feel a need of God there is little use for dogma and none at all for fanaticism. An old Chinese once confided to me that he had given up Buddhism to become a Congregationalist because the former, with its elaborate rituals, had cost him $150 a month, whereas the latter enabled him to keep in God's graces for only three.

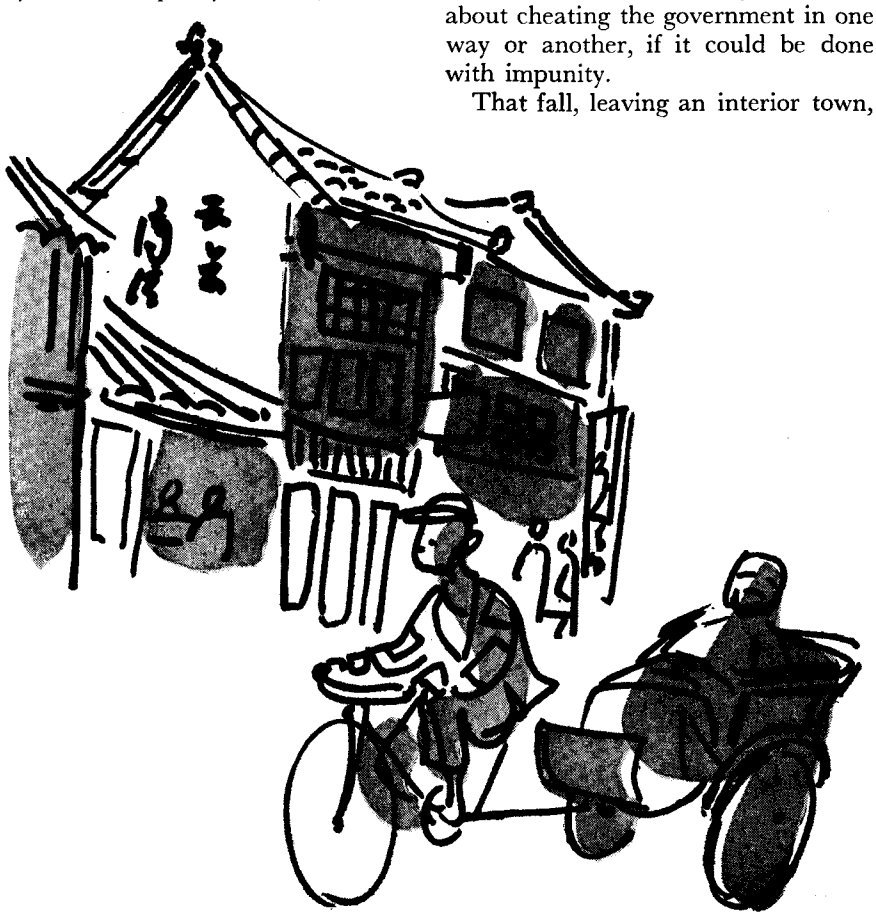
Causes, movements, ideologies get the same shabby treatment. They are followed only for what they have to offer in a practical human way.

It is perhaps in their moral attitudes that the Chinese show their practical humanism most startlingly. Morality, like so much else, is a relative matter, the servant of the human problem to which it is supplied. The four moral principles of Confucius—Virtue, Right Thinking, Right Conduct, Wisdom—are obviously meaningless except as they are applied to life. There are no arbitrary Ten Commandments, but a complete flexibility. The Chinese would consider the aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy" foolish, for it is an abstraction unrelated to life. Indeed, the term "truthteller" is abusive, since it tells a man he is both a booby and a menace to the harmonious flow of human relations. The average servant whose master treats him well feels an obligation to be faithful in return. But if the master treats him badly, he has no such feeling.

This moral flexibility has the same application to public matters as to private. There has always been a sense of obligation on the part of the people to be well-behaved under just and benevolent rule, and a corresponding lack of any such feeling under corrupt rule.

In the hunt for scapegoats after the collapse of the Nationalist Government on the mainland, too little attention has been paid to the part played by the general public of China. Any society decays to a degree under misgovernment, but frequently a people's morality stands fast in spite of venality in official life. In China, however, corruption in the government is met by such boisterous, unashamed countercorruption on the part of the people that one might almost call the reaction enthusiastic. In China in 1947 I knew no Chinese who had any hesitation about cheating the government in one way or another, if it could be done with impunity.

That fall, leaving an interior town,



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I found myself the only passenger on a local bus. A quarter of a mile from the station about fifty people squeezed aboard, paying the driver a reduced fare, which I was told he shared with the station officials. The bus company, a government monopoly, collected only what I had paid. Incidents of this sort made the Chinese people the most massive force in the disintegration of Nationalist power.

Nor was this force entirely negative. The Nationalists were clinging to the old Confucian social order, in which the literate gentry, maintaining their position at the apex of Chinese society by their exclusive proprietorship of the written language, had grown into oppressive parasites, living off the peasantry. The Communists, in attacking this domination, gave the peasant at least the hope of more security, and by winning him won China.

It has been observed that the Chinese have always had an authoritarian government. In traditional China the officials controlled the economic life of the nation, excluded the common people from political affairs, and arbitrarily ordained the social structure. This historical fact is surprising in view of the humanistic character of the people, and their dislike of any regimentation. But it is understandable, for the old state was not authoritarian in the western sense; it was the father of the people, and a remote father whose touch on their local affairs was light. It governed not through law but men, and its concern was for the social order, the maintenance of harmony between man and man. It was in fact humanistic itself, and by exploiting rather than trying to regiment that spirit achieved its long domination of Chinese life. And in allowing revolt against particular ruling houses whose abuses lost them the "mandate of heaven," it had a unique safety valve that protected the system. It is only in the past hundred years, under the impact of new western ideas, that the system itself has come under attack. This attack is the Chinese Revolution, and the latest phase of that revolution is the Communist success.

It should now be possible to consider whether or not the Communists, having ridden to power through addressing their energies to age-old abuses, not to Marxist practice, have hold of a tiger which can in turn devour them.

It should be clear that doctrinaire Communism cannot sit firmly on the heads of a people of such inclinations as the Chinese. The Communist state, huge, impersonal, dictatorial, can hardly be anything but inimical to the free desires of the average Chinese.

It is possible, then, to believe that the Chinese may in time come to resent their new order. It is also true that Communist efficiency will offset resentment; a people living so close to the margin of existence that any disaster will pull large numbers under will of course rally to any force that can relieve their fearful insecurity. But if conditions do not measurably improve, the ranks of the outlaws in the hills will swell and in time a new revolt will raise its head.

Again it can be objected that Chinese Communism may not follow the doctrinaire pattern. But that is to beg the question; for if Mao Tse-tung and his followers deviate from the Marxist goal, bowing to concepts peculiarly Chinese, then Chinese Communism will cease to be Communism, and the process of absorption will begin.

It could also be argued that even if the people grow resentful of their new state, they will be powerless to rise against it because of the techniques of Communist control. This supposition is based on European experience and fails to consider that Chinese resentment might express itself in other ways.

Indeed the deadliness of the Chinese attack against an unwanted government would not be aggressive, positive, or even organized. It would be a mass negation of any respect for the public authority. The terrible pressure of this cynical amorality would corrupt from within, creating increased despotism, which in turn would bring increased decay. Once again, as with the Nationalists and the Manchus before them, the effect of this massive antagonism would bring such weakness to the government and such chaos to the country that a new force would in time arise to carry on the thrust of the Revolution. The police methods of the Soviet appear crude and pale beside the subtle Chinese genius for wearing into impotence any organized force opposed to the popular desire.

Of course, it could be protested that the Communists, having uprooted the Confucian order, will attack and weaken the humanist tradition. This seems not merely possible but very probable. Modernization alone, by whatever system, will change Chinese attitudes. But unlike the positive structure of Confucianism, the humanist tradition is so deeply rooted, so pervasive, so inaccessible of attack that time favors its survival into that period when conflict with the Marxist state would arise, if it is to arise at all.

That condition, *if it is to arise at all,* is important. China cannot be considered in isolation from world developments. The purpose of this inquiry is to point out that if Communism has an Achilles' heel, it is the very people whose practicality assured it the scepter and the crown. The most one dare speculate is to suggest that Communism is probably only a phase of the Chinese Revolution, not the final goal.

—PRESTON SCHOYER

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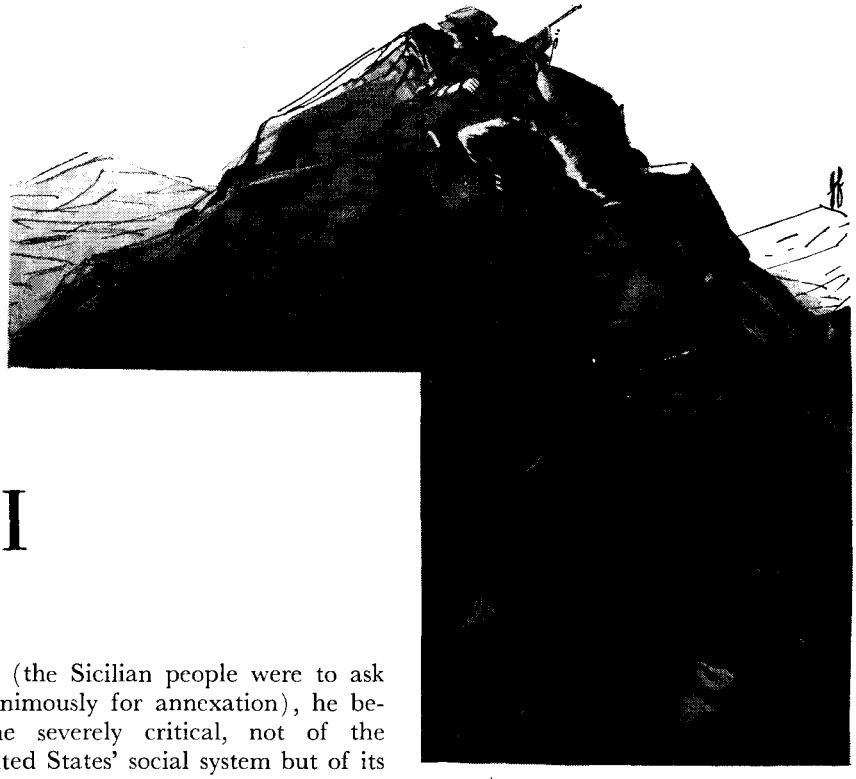
At Home & Abroad

The Education Of a Bandit—II



It was not only his organization of henchmen that for so long prevented the capture of the Sicilian bandit Salvatore (or, in Sicilian, Turiddu) Giuliano. Through a policy of furious homegrown social justice, mixed with terrorism, he managed until soon before his death last July to keep many of the poor on his side and ready to shelter him, not only in the countryside. That was the trouble in the last months when a new police commander, Colonel Ugo Luca, took over the task of tracking him down; he was beating the hills but Giuliano was not there. He was in the towns, in one house after another. The poor were also Giuliano's immediate public and applauders, the necessary prop, along with a string of women, for his conception of himself, though at the same time for both protection and applause he was beginning to look to larger fields.

In particular he seems to have had a great yearning, perhaps spurred a little by his family's failure as immigrants, to be admired in America, not as a gangster, which he refused to consider himself, but as a kind of foreign dignitary and equal champion of democracy; perhaps he had heard too of the political right of asylum. His obsessive hope of pardon, together with his lofty notion of what he was about, led him to stranger fancies than that. But probably piqued by the reception, or lack of it, of his statehood scheme, which he had taken great pains to work out so that the United States government would not be embarrassed internationally (the Sicilian people were to ask unanimously for annexation), he became severely critical, not of the United States' social system but of its current foreign policy.

In a letter written some months before his death he described various aspects of current Americana, including Truman, as ridiculous. "In my opinion Truman has lost the race because I am sure that a good part of the American people has already concluded that he is ridiculous as I have concluded." The line of reasoning, rather obscure, had to do with inconsistency in dealing with Russia.

The idea of atomic control was also ridiculous, "for the reason that neither Russia nor America is a house or a *palazzo* that you could easily control, but are very vast territories where whoever wanted to could hide a lot more than atomic bombs." He had decided that Italy could be saved from slavery and ruin only if Communism and clericalism were both gotten rid of, and there were a government of liberals and social democrats, divorced "from all ideology," and that would put through "a truly social law."

These corner-drugstore deliberations, amicably addressed to the only Italian newspaperman he had permitted to visit him, and which after all could get by in many higher places, are semi-grammatical and have the frequent crossings-out of an unaccustomed mental effort, but are written in a curiously rapid, unflowery, and confident hand. The tone is engaging, too, as of an informal memorandum from Roosevelt to Churchill.

Another leap into the grand impossible was his series of direct communications to Minister of the Interior Mario Scelba, pet anathema of the Communists, proposing what must have seemed to Giuliano a plausible and intelligent horse trade, good for both parties. The government would drop all charges, and he would quietly depart, presumably to live somewhere on his savings. He had failed to consider that Scelba, under several years of daily battering from the Communists on just this subject, had somewhat more prestige than he to think of; every incident in the country's continuing civil battles, every death of a party member, some apparently engineered by the party itself, in strikes and demonstrations, had brought the same shriek and litany: Scelba, "assassin of the working class," couldn't even catch a bandit; the further implication was that he didn't want to, and was even using Giuliano to wipe out the Sicilian Communists. So the only answer was a stepping up of the hunt.

But for that proposal of Giuliano's really no special derangement was needed. The brigand and the Minister of the Interior did have anti-Commu-

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nism in common, and the young man's whole political experience, even more than that of young men in most places, had been of such deals and horse trades, often enough involving murderers. The best families of Sicily could have, and in some cases might have to have for their own protection, a son in the Mafia, whose Ku Klux Klan activities, beautified by no such aims as Giuliano ascribed to himself, underlay the nicest garden parties as it did the most legal elections. The distinction between his kind of power and the respectable kind must have seemed a little slim.

Later there were suggestions that toward the end he had even had some thought of a deal with the Communists. It is not impossible. He might have come to need them, and thought he could use them; an ignorant country strong-arm man, however well-meaning, would not necessarily be above such recombinations, and for the party line it would have been routine. But there may have been no such prospect. As it is, his record in that direction is unswerving: The Communists had deceived and betrayed the workers; Russia was going to bring on a war because it had the "megalomania of parties and command." And he made quite a number of "martyrs."

The main engagement, and the cause of the proceedings in Viterbo, took place in 1947 in a town called Portella della Ginestra, when his band descended on a Communist May Day *festa*. The motive this time was purely political, whether or not connected with some new separatist tie-up or illusion, but not all those shot were Communists, nor adults. Also described at the trial, which was thought too provocative to hold anywhere in Sicily, were similar attacks on the Communist Party headquarters of five other villages in the territory Giuliano controlled. The accused were twenty-seven of his men, some of whom had been kept in jail three years before the case came to trial, and whose families were also being held; all denied any part in the "massacre," evidently on Giuliano's orders and in the conviction that he would rescue them, or out of fear of reprisals. The witnesses included a long list of the wounded and relatives of the dead.

One villager told at length how his horse had been killed in the Portella

assault, together with nine other animals—horses, donkeys, and mules. "A few minutes later they were horribly swollen up, perhaps because of the heat." A woman whose twelve-year-old son had been shot spoke as follows: "Giovanni was almost a child. The morning of May first he was in bed when some friends came to get him to go to the *festa;* I didn't want to send him alone, so I went along too. In Portella, Giovanni left me and went off a little way to get some medlars that were there, and it was just then that I heard the first three shots. I threw myself on the ground, hearing the bullets whistle over my head; I called desperately to my boy; he came in a minute, terribly pale. I asked him what was the matter. 'Mamma, I've been wounded!' he said. I looked up at the higher ground where they were firing from, and saw the shadows of three heads moving. I screamed at the top of my lungs: 'You murderers, what are you doing?' My daughter, who had come with us, bent over Giovanni and said to him: 'Don't be afraid, if you need it I'll give you my blood to make you well.' They carried Giovanni, who had his stomach torn by a bullet, onto a cart. Barefoot, like a crazy woman, I began running behind it, until they made me get up and ride too. 'Mamma, I'm dying,' he said. 'Why did they shoot me? What have I done?' They took him to the hospital; the bullet was a powerful one and had gone through his intestines; peritonitis set in; he died the next day." One of the older victims was a carabiniere whom the gang happened to meet on the road afterward, and whose body was found in a ravine forty days later.

Another woman, whose fourteen-year-old son was killed, after finishing her testimony turned on the prisoners' cage, screaming, "I call for justice!"

In the midst of this the news came that Giuliano was dead. The twenty-seven prisoners, sitting as usual in chains, refused to believe it; his hold on them was so strong, it seems they could not conceive of any trap that could catch him, or that he would not bring them all through in his old style in the end: But they were shown the pictures. "That's him! That's Iddu all right. He got himself killed!" And when they had had time to rest from their amazement: "And we're left here to take the rap!" Then they began to hate him and disown him. One said: "It's high time. All that delay wasn't doing any good, especially to us, sitting here in this cage all because of him. At least maybe they'll let our families out now." And another: "He should have died twenty-eight years ago; he shouldn't have been born at all." Another, the oldest: "I wonder if they'll take pictures of him, now that he's dead. I'd like to see him in the papers like that, the way they've fixed him."

The woman who had called for justice was equally amazed. "Remember what I said here yesterday? A mother's curses never fail; mine reached Giuliano in less than a day!"

But in Rome it had been a different story: People were for him or against him, but it was not simple. For the great mass of the people in their great poverty it was not simple for obvious reasons, because he had been one of them and any revolt can seem better than none; he might even have won, gotten control of all Sicily and set up his own régime, and then everybody would have respected him. And for many others, the image was just as troubling. The guilt was too complex, the contrast too appealing with the little mangled timorous personality that seemed destined to become standard in these days.

This was real, not an existentialist

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novel, and Giuliano was young and handsome, and his setting so attractive. A Swedish woman journalist named Cyliakus had actually gone to Sicily and stayed with him for several days; a picture of them came out later, she on horseback against the Arizona-type hills, he holding the bridle, smiling for once and looking terribly like any bobby-soxer's dream. There was talk of other girls from good families who had had the same idea; and boys and young men all over Italy dreamed of following Giuliano. A great many husbands, earning a handsome living in some Ministerial or commercial cubicle, felt themselves looked at in the evening as if they were hardly men at all. And the Communists were laughing, in so far as they know how. The thing had to be exterminated.

Minister of the Interior Scelba, who had instituted a big campaign against indecent bathing suits, the year before, was really on the spot by now, but the rest of the Government were not much less embarrassed. Above all, it was not a spectacle to have continuing into Holy Year.

It was not easy. Colonel Luca, when he took over the new assignment, is said to have asked for a year to carry it out, and he knew what he was talking about, though actually he finished the job in ten months. He is a quiet, duty-minded, and by now worn-looking police officer, the son of a watchmaker, with some vein of restlessness and hunger for more than routine enterprise, which might almost have made him a bandit himself under different circumstances, or a rebel leader in some colonial area, and which had given him instead a large experience in tracking down such characters. In Turkey, where he was called the "Italian Lawrence," in Rhodes and the Italian African colonies, he had had, in the period after the First World War, a string of boyish though deadly serious adventures, all very creditable from the old-fashioned, Kipling-and-Conan Doyle point of view, and is said to have been greatly loved by the people wherever he went: the perfect missionary of Italian colonial benevolence. In Rome later, instead of following the usual police routine, he went out of his way to find jobs for the poor who were brought into headquarters, so that they began to come in voluntarily. It is not being reported now whether he also followed the line of duty in those years with regard to opponents of the régime; anyway, he seems to have gone on pleasing his superiors; a picture taken early in 1941 shows him in the full regalia, complete with tassels, medals, and feathers, of a high officer of the carabinieri—looking, in fact, very like Lawrence except for the stiffness of eye and carriage denoting the member of the corps, in whom thought will never come before discipline. But there was a limit; when the Germans came in he resisted all bribes and persecutions and chose to become, among other things, a repairman for the gas company.

Giuliano finally had an enemy his

Giuliano to Italy—An Ultimatum

Because the press does not give me satisfaction, I am bringing this program to you with the following manifesto. . . . I insist on the challenge I have delivered to the newspapers. . . . I cannot believe the men of the government cannot accept a challenge from a so-called outlaw.

I would like to know the importance of a Scelba or a Don De Gasperi, men who for twenty years gave no sign of life except when, in a critical time for our country, inexorably flanked by a victorious invading army, they too gave the final blow, when Italy could be considered dead.

I won my fame gallantly. . . . Can anyone deny that in all my adventurous life there has been nothing of the common criminal in my spirit? What bandit has there been in the world [so] moved with pity for innocent blood? . . . I could continue to fight from the hills, where I am sure I can always be safe . . . [but] I insist on this challenge . . . the government does not want to end this tormented situation, does not want a

plebiscite, does not want the people to say if they want a general amnesty. . . . Have the men of the government forgotten that they were outlaws before I was, under the tyranny of Mussolini? . . . Today, when they use the same methods of tyranny . . . the newspapers accuse me of making fratricidal war. . . . I have proved that I do not thirst for the blood of the innocent, that I have killed only when forced to defend myself, rescued the wounded, and let them go free. People: Who of the two is more bloody? The government which hunts me like a savage beast, or I, who defend myself, grieving to see a brother's blood shed?

People: Try to persuade the government to stop this useless bloodshed . . . and you, carabinieri, who for a miserable sum renounce the sacred right of a mother . . . reflect! Think that I do not fight for money but for love of mother, whom God gives us as the dearest thing in our lives. . . . You are defending injustice imposed by clowns and tyrants. . . .

I give another ultimatum . . . If nothing comes of it, DEFEND YOURSELVES ONCE MORE. . . . For, in spite of my grief, I am forced to take up the fight again. I am hoping in you and the people . . . a warm salute to all the people." —GIULIANO

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own size, and more: Colonel Luca, beneath his medals and whatever *his* crimes, would appear to have real love in his make-up, the kind that is called a love of humanity, though it may be only respect for it; so given equal tactical cleverness on both sides, he was bound to win: Turiddu had nothing but his own swollen self-esteem to oppose to that. A ghastly thing began to happen: Slowly, in one village after another, and although the Communist part of the population was at least theoretically no more in favor of one than the other, the policeman began taking over the bandit's prestige; he became popular, he was trusted, he was also strong; it must have been a dubious shift of feeling at first, and at the end a landslide. Even Giuliano's mother, though she would never play Luca's game, spoke well of him to the neighbors because he had been kind to her. People who had worked in small ways for the gang began to want, and dare, to do it for the other side; the network broke in a dozen and then a hundred unimportant places, and Giuliano's ransom notes, in which the price had come down to a mere one or two million, were for the first time left unanswered. Giuliano was being cut off economically as well as in other ways.

He may not have been able to grasp how serious it was. Italians generally assumed that he would escape; he was known to have sent agents long before to feel out the ground in Tunisia and other places, and at the very end, two days before he was killed, there was a rumor around the country that he had gotten out and was on his way to America. Locally, in the region around Castelvetrano, to which he had moved from the Montelepre area, there was talk of an airplane that was going to come for him at night, O.S.S.-fashion, and probably take him to America. America is bound to come into any such story, where a *deus ex machina* is needed; it is better: It is the *machina* itself, and had remained that, for all of Truman and atomic control, in Giuliano's mind, too. He wanted to go there and exploit an invention of his that he was very proud of; and one feels again, in both the desire and the invention, the old humiliation of the immigrants who have failed, from whom no bounteous packages have flowed, who have not after thirty years come back for the summer traveling second class on the *Saturnia,* who lasted not even a year and came back, in shame, to what they had left. It would all have been wiped out; Salvatore Giuliano would have returned to America in glory. The invention was perpetual motion. The mechanic in him was functioning to the last; Colonel Luca, who still fiddles with watches in his spare time, could perhaps have helped him.

The first official version of how he was finally trapped was appealing: It was said that Luca's men rigged up one of their cars as a movie truck, which they did, but not with this sequel, and arranged to have word reach Giuliano that they were making a movie about him, which, if he would agree to appear in it, would have a huge commercial success—this too, in America; so out of vanity he fell into the trap. It would have been touching, like the pacts in blood and the fine clothes and his thinking he could fight the Communists, or perhaps make a deal with them, all by himself; it would have been another innocence, with all the glamour he had, to have lost his life for the glamour of Hollywood; but it is not true.

Then it was said that he was ambushed on his way to an "amorous encounter," but that is not true either. Nobody outside Colonel Luca's confidence knows what is, except that he is dead, and was killed without his gold watch, and at that time had lost almost all of his men; the last to be arrested, according to the announcements, had been Mannino and another named Badalamenti, one taken at a trumped-up appointment in a hotel, the other while riding hidden in a basket of tomatoes on the back of a truck; both had been sold out by other members of the gang.

It seems that not even the shooting scene in the Castelvetrano courtyard, which was blazoned all over the papers for several days, was true; the body was there, and a companion was seen to slip away; one of Luca's men, Captain

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Perenze, happened by some coincidence to be in just that courtyard and he fired. Giuliano's gun, it turns out, had not been fired; the seven bullet wounds in his body had been made several hours earlier, presumably while he slept, and Pisciotta is said to have been the only man who could have done that. Pisciotta's lawyer denies it.

Anyway, the pictures seem to be true. They show Turiddu lying as he fell or was dumped in the courtyard that night, looking, except for the blood, like any Italian boy having a nap on a hot afternoon, and then on his back in the improvised morgue at the cemetery, with big blocks of ice set near to keep him presentable, then with the local doctor who had been doing his part of the job, then with plaster of Paris in his hair and beside him the local sculptor who had been making a death mask to be sent to the Museum of Crime in Rome. All of this was generally acknowledged to be for the best, and was extremely gratifying to some people. There were speeches, congratulations, promotions; Colonel Luca was made a general and Captain Perenze a colonel; many husbands, officials, men of property generally could breathe easier, almost as if a whole threatening army or philosophical principle had been routed. It had really been too much to have both this and the Communists to feel oppressed by at the same time.

But there were other reactions. A woman who lives on the courtyard where the final scene took place said that some time after hearing the shots she got around to peeking out from behind her shutters, and saw Perenze and another carabiniere standing over the body, "looking sad." There were other people who looked that way when the pictures came out, because most had never seen a photograph of the bandit before, and whatever they had expected, it was not quite that; it was his youth that was shocking, and this surprise came more from the view of the half-naked body, the actual young flesh and bone gone to waste, than from the face.

It was perhaps what Colonel Luca felt too, when it was all over, and perhaps he better than anyone could appreciate the juxtaposition of his own harried, guilty, aging features, like those of millions of men *his* age all over the world, with those of his young opponent. This is not the befeathered and bemedaled functionary whose picture was taken ten years ago, but a man going bald, with shrewd but humble and deeply ringed eyes, and his head, in violent contrast to that other, hunched down between his shoulders.

He looks very sad indeed, as though conscious of the poverty of his role, and of having much blame as well as credit in the whole long story. He has not lent himself to any publicity, or been willing to make any statement at all. Perhaps he could not, in view of the mystery around the affair; in any case he has dropped back quickly where he came from, out of the public view, and it may be that for him as for many others the only true picture of what gave him his promotion is the black one of sorrow and despair, taken outside the cemetery in Castelvetrano.

It is a typical scene of peasant mourning, and could also be a scene from one of the Greek tragedies that are still produced on the island in the same theater where they opened two thousand years ago, and through which Sicilian peasants sit enthralled every year as if nothing were fresher. The patterns of feeling are the most familiar; their sorrow revolves around the same sense of harm prepared long ago, not to be averted. In this scene the faces of the two women, Turiddu's mother and his sister Giuseppina, are entirely hidden in their enormous thick black veils. They sit bent over on little straight-backed chairs clutching handkerchiefs, the mother with the other hand up to support her head and one foot hooked onto a rung of the chair, showing a length of wrinkled cotton stocking. The sister's husband sits looking toward them from the right, thick like a man of the fields and in a thick black suit, though it is July, and beside him his son, Turiddu's nephew and namesake Salvatore, a boy of five or

Keystone

Death Mask: the slain Giuliano

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six, listless and slumped on the edge of the chair with his hands folded as though he had been waiting for hours. He is the only one who is looking out, straight out from among the black, suffering figures which seem almost undifferentiated, a single pool of anguish, matching the two huge pools of the child's eyes as he stares at you from under the great burden of his solemnity and his weariness, not asking for anything now or any other time. He knows: Nothing was to be averted; nothing is to be.

The photographers, among other things, were not to be; the mother, driven hysterical by them, tried to throw her chair at the cameras, and went on to the height of her primitive agony from that. "Oh my blood!" she screamed over her son's body. *"Sangue mio! Sangue mio!"* Then she insisted on going to the courtyard on the other side of town, and kneeling down, licked the pavement stained with his blood.

Outside the family, the story was not finished. At Viterbo, after the months of expensive preparation and the days of such questions as: "Were you sitting or standing?" and "Were you in the army? Could you say at what distance the shot had been fired?", an exhausting legal dispute broke out, occasioned by the capture of Mannino and Badalamenti. It seemed that if they were not brought to the courtroom within a certain number of days the trial would be invalidated; then, when they were, it was invalidated by that. In the dark, broiling Hall of Justice, a former church, the lawyers sweated, shouted, argued frenetically over points of this and that; there was talk of various kinds of procedure and why they applied or did not.

It was all very complicated, and the heat was the worst of the century in Europe, so when everyone was sufficiently worn out and exasperated the trial was adjourned, to be begun all over "as soon as possible," perhaps in the fall. The witnesses were sent home; they would have a new court to tell their stories to some day. The prisoners, unconvicted, untried, set off for another summer in their chains.

But as one of them said: "A bandit can't die of old age. Death or prison is always waiting for him, so whichever the end is going to be, it's better not to think about it."

The Communists meanwhile were equally busy finding a new line which would minimize any credit due the government, or rather turn its belated success into new discredit of the hated Scelba. It seemed the authorities had been determined not to take Giuliano alive, for fear of the revelations he would make if given a chance to talk—revelations, it was suggested, that would show up the whole basis of the Demo-Christian régime, if not of the Atlantic Treaty besides. Furthermore, it was not the carabinieri at all who had gotten rid of him, but the Mafia; on which grounds a Senator representing Pietro Nenni's pro-Communist Socialists has since been demanding that Colonel Luca, although deserving some thanks, be deprived of his promotion. This too, like the trial, will go on and on; whatever the truth was, the government has not been willing to tell it. There are many varieties of Mafia and conflicting setups among them, and Giuliano appears to have had some kind of alliance with one or two local branches while carrying on deadly warfare with others, so the Special Forces for the Suppression of Banditry, as they were called, may well have found help in such quarters.

But for the people these ins and outs are too abstruse; the Communist explanations have misfired. Not that many of the faithful oppose the party line on this question; they only ignore it, because at least outside Sicily they respected Giuliano for the same reasons that make them Communists, and what lives on now, regardless of revelations, is only the sense of the man himself: a poor boy, driven through no fault of his own to take power and make justice for himself, and who had the strength to do it. "And besides, they say he gave to the poor." As for murder, the party also goes in for that. When he is spoken of there is a little feeling of loss and vague depression, broken only by the rumors that keep arising that it was not he who was killed after all; it is as if there had been some obscure, intimate setback for all of them, as if the very idea of "something better" not only economically, some way of standing taller, having something to say for yourself, had once more been proved absurd and stamped out like a brush fire.

In Sicily feelings were stronger and more specific, and there began raging immediately another fire of myth and romance which it appears that not even the great amount of enmity against Giuliano on the island is going to check. The people of Castelvetrano, whatever they thought of him, are having to apologize to people everywhere else; it is known as "the Judas town," and the local youth have all become amateur detectives, re-enacting the final episode in full detail night after night in an effort to prove that the treachery really took place somewhere else.

In Montelepre, when the news of his death arrived, the village barber suddenly went mad and began yelling that he wanted to go to heaven and shave Giuliano. There was another kind of aftermath; in Castelvetrano a girl named Francesca di Maio, in the last stage of pregnancy, and who had known Giuliano, after hearing with no apparent emotion that he had been killed went out and suddenly threw herself down a well on the outskirts of town.

In another town, a painter who goes by the name of Corkscrew had had within two days seventeen orders to paint the Giuliano story on the sides of donkey carts, in place of the old ones of Roncesvalles, the death of Manfred, and so on. He is said to have turned the orders down because he would need more space to do the job properly, but some other artist will do it. The sober-minded editorial writers around the country were all remarking that with Giuliano's death there had been closed a "sorry chapter" in Sicilian history and also in postwar Italian history. It was the end of a period, fortuitously marked at the same time by the withdrawal, at last, of Allied banknotes; the disruptions of war had finally run their course. But they seem to have reckoned without certain factors; just for one thing, they were overlooking the donkey carts. The chief character in the sad chapter, being removed from all practical inconveniences, was already off on a new career in legend; and in Sicily, as one of the Rome newspapermen on the Giuliano story put it, "all of life is a legend."

A lone cart might even turn up somewhere on which the painted hero would be Colonel Luca, but that is hardly likely. —Eleanor Clark

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Loud Voices from the Tomb: Italy's New Gang of Nazis

Candido, the Italian *Punch,* recently printed a letter from one of its two hundred thousand readers. Referring to the ERP shield which appears on all reconstruction sheds, bridges, and so on, the correspondent said: "Would it not be more fitting if three different signs were posted, the first to carry an Italian flag and read, 'Built with the sweat of Italian taxpayers'; the second to carry an American flag and read, 'Destroyed by American bombs'; and the third to carry the Marshall Plan shield and read, 'Rebuilt with ERP lira fund in co-operation with Italian taxes'?"

This is one of many examples of an attitude that is reflected daily in the Italian press, and to a small but increasing extent in Italian politics. Its dominant element is a stubborn refusal to admit that Italy has ever made a mistake and an effort to look elsewhere, anywhere else, for a scapegoat for Italy's misfortunes. In this attitude lies much of the strength of the neo-Fascist revival in Italy.

In the Sardinian elections in May, 1949, the Movimento Sociale Italiano, so far the only organized neo-Fascist party, received about six per cent of the vote. In the Free Territory of Trieste, it got 7.6 per cent. The appeal that neo-Fascist jargon holds for the younger generation was apparent in elections held recently in universities at Rome, Naples, and Pisa, where the neo-Fascists received a plurality or ran almost as strong as the Christian Democrats or the Communists. The postwar Fascists have also scored notable gains in various union elections.

Far more significant than these scattered votes is the fact that not six years after Mussolini's death, a Fascist or pro-Fascist is no longer a political outcast in Italy. Fascism has almost become fashionable again.

Today, in southern cities like Bari

The Fascist international: Perón and Franco, with readily identifiable background ghosts

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and Salerno, in the sleepy provinces of Lucania and Calabria, the smart set no longer conceals its nostalgia for Fascism. Former Fascist *gerarchi* (big shots) are again given first-row seats at public ceremonies.

A growing number of magazine articles by writers who faithfully served Mussolini at least until 1943 seek to magnify the mistakes and responsibilities of the Allies and to minimize those of the Axis. An amazingly brash and successful campaign to whitewash former Nazis and Fascists has been going on for the last two years or so. Meanwhile, the American bombings and the behavior of Allied troops in "liberated" Italy, the treatment of Italian prisoners of war in British camps, and all kinds of painful war and postwar memories are being recalled.

In this atmosphere, the neo-Fascist arguments sound less and less repugnant to many Italians. The whole war —so those arguments run—was a mistake on the part of the western democracies because it destroyed the greatest bulwarks against Soviet Russia—Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy.

Even more popular has been the neo-Fascist contention that, in any case, the Axis war against the Allies need not have been lost, after all, had it not been for the traitors who sold Italy to the British and the Americans. This list of traitors reads almost like a *Who's Who* of modern Italian politics.

A similar process of distortion leads, by similarly easy steps, from the nationalistic sentiments and resentments still so dear to large sections of the Italian upper and middle classes to the outright vindication of Fascism. In a general way, the neo-Fascists look back, as Mussolini's Fascists did, to the grandeur that was Rome. More concretely they hark, of course, to the "twenty years" of Mussolini's régime; and most specifically, they are the posthumous children of that final embodiment of Italian Fascism, the so-called Social Republic set up by Mussolini in northern and central Italy after September, 1943. It was the period when Italian Fascism became most completely identified with, and subordinated to, its German counterpart. As heirs to that extreme twilight of Mussolini's régime, today's neo-Fascists well deserve the label of Italian Nazis.

In foreign policy, they hope for a revival of German military power which, in alliance with Spain and possibly Latin America, would set the basis for a second round of "the war of blood against gold." Such, in neo-Fascist jargon, is the official definition of the last war.

In internal policy, the neo-Fascists are placing more stress on the "Socialist" half of the National Socialist label, the half that Italian Fascism left in the background, at least until the very last months, when it was prominently displayed, partly as window dressing, partly to ape the German ally. The leftist themes of the so-called "program of Verona" proclaimed by Mussolini in late 1943 were echoed in the social planks of the platform approved by the second national convention of the M.S.I. in June, 1949. In addition to a medley of corporativist leftovers, those planks specifically endorse "socialization" of industrial enterprises and sharing by the workers in management and profits.

Its public policy statements and gestures indicate that neo-Fascism is a movement at least as anti-democratic as anti-Communist. At its 1949 convention, most of the delegates came out against the party's being represented in Parliament at all (six M.S.I. men sit in the Chamber of Deputies, and the party has one Senator). The delegates also were against participation in the Atlantic Pact.

More recently, when the Trieste issue came to the fore again, neo-Fascists and Communists actually joined hands in stirring up nationalistic passions and turning them against both the De Gasperi Government and the western allies. The Red press joyfully headlined Washington's alleged "disavowal" of the promise to return the Free Territory to Italy and played up the failure of the De Gasperi-Sforza policy of co-operation with the West. At the same time, the M.S.I. denounced Sforza as a U.S. puppet.

Mussolini's eldest son, Vittorio, is in Argentina

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A few weeks ago, when the Italian government, in line with the action taken by other Atlantic Pact countries, decided to increase military appropriations, violent opposition was voiced not only by the Communists but by M.S.I. leaders. It was probably the first time a self-styled nationalistic party had gone on record against strengthening its country's defenses.

The rank and file of the M.S.I. are young. Many of them were still in their early teens when the Fascist world came to an end. They are intolerant of today's slow-moving hard times, impatient of the drab and glamourless effort required for the reconstruction of the country. They are too young to realize that the difficulties of the present are the bitter fruit of that same past they would like to resurrect.

Then there are those who have seen their lives and careers broken by defeat: minor officials, professional soldiers, Italians who had sought fortune in Ethiopia or other colonies.

There are the friends and relatives of those who died fighting for Mussolini's Social Republic, or were killed in northern Italy in the days that followed the liberation. Neo-Fascist propaganda constantly harps on the "three hundred thousand victims of the liberation."

No prominent figures have publicly appeared so far among the official leadership of the M.S.I. The survivors of the Fascist "old guard" are mostly men who, like Grandi and Bottai, turned against Mussolini in July, 1943, and are therefore considered traitors by the neo-Fascists. Many top men of the Social Republic were killed in April, 1945, but others sought refuge abroad. Quite a few are in Argentina, and from there they keep in touch with the movement. Some are said to provide funds. Among the erstwhile *gerarchi* enjoying Perón's hospitality are Mussolini's eldest son Vittorio, various former Fascist Ministers, the former chief of police and the former Propaganda Minister of the Social Republic; and Enzo Grossi, a former submarine commander who was credited by Fascist propaganda during the war with sinking an entire U.S. fleet.

Leading the movement in Italy itself are a few mediocre men who either played relatively minor roles in Mussolini's heyday or achieved a little political notoriety in Fascism's waning days.

So far, money appears to be pretty scarce for the M.S.I. The 1948-1949 budget mentioned an income of a little over nine million lire (less than fifteen thousand dollars). Sources of income are membership dues and voluntary contributions from home and abroad.

Sir Oswald Mosley

In the latter connection, there was an episode at the 1949 convention. Signor Almirante, the Secretary-General, said the convention had been financed with money from Argentina. The crowd jumped to its feet shouting "Long live Perón!" Almirante grew pale and hastened to explain that the money had come "from our comrades . . . in exile in Argentina."

In the last few months, however, there have been indications that fresh money has been coming. Some wealthy northern industrialists are reported to have chipped in—perhaps the same ones who financed Mussolini in 1920-1922 and who sought insurance by contributing to the Communists till around 1946.

The last M.S.I. convention was attended by about six hundred delegates, each supposed to represent five hundred party members. This would put total membership at about three hundred thousand, a figure which appears somewhat high. It is a safe guess that regular dues-paying holders of party cards do not exceed two hundred thousand.

Although the Movimento Sociale Italiano is so far the only organized neo-Fascist party, there are other associations that claim to be the repositories of the Mussolini tradition—for example, the Arditi d'Italia. Originally this was made up of survivors of special Italian assault troops organized toward the end of the First World War. Later the organization was taken over by the Fascists, who engineered the admission first of the "volunteers" who fought in Ethiopia and Spain, and later of all those who fought for Mussolini after his 1943 debacle.

One function of the Arditi is to act as the Italian branch of the "fascist international" which operates, more or less openly, from Argentina to France and from Spain to Britain. In its more publicized role, it is a relief organization for fascists who have been compelled to flee their country of origin; the so-called "Maquis Noir" in France is a typical example of this solidarity between local and refugee fascists. But the international has also another role: It prepares blacklists of all those who played an active role in putting down Fascism. For instance, Sir Oswald Mosley's British Fascists are said to report to the Italian neo-Fascists the names of all those Italians who "collaborated" with the British.

Does all this mean that neo-Fascism is an immediate threat in Italy today? The answer is obviously "No." As yet, neo-Fascism has not a sufficiently large active following, it has no leader of national stature, it hasn't enough money, and, according to the best sources, has no military organization.

Still the very existence of an organized neo-Fascist movement in today's Italy is a definitely morbid symptom. Enforcement of land reform—one of the most important and most controversial planks of the Christian Democratic platform—may well push many conservative, monarchist southern landowners into more active opposition to the government. Enactment of other progressive legislation—such as the long-overdue fiscal reform—may well bring about a working alliance between those feudal landlords and groups of northern industrialists.

According to some well-placed observers, the leader of such a neo-Fascist conservative alliance would be already available. He would be Mar-

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shal Giovanni Messe, perhaps the only army man who, after holding important commands in both the Russian and the Tunisian campaigns, has managed to retain some prestige.

Back in the uncertain days that preceded the April, 1948, elections, Messe headed the A.I.L. (Armata Italiana di Liberazione), a veterans' outfit with outspokenly anti-Communist (and possibly anti-democratic) aims. After the Christian Democratic triumph at the polls, the A.I.L. dropped out of sight. The marshal himself does not play any open political role and doesn't avow any direct political ambition. He keeps in the public eye, however, by writing articles on military matters, including his experiences as commander in Russia and Tunisia and as Chief of Staff of the Italian Army in 1944 and 1945.

Needless to say, Messe's articles are printed in the most rightist of the so-called "independent papers." Their flavor is strongly nationalistic, seasoned with the right amount of anti-allied spice. The magazine *Oggi,* which boasts the largest circulation among Italian weeklies, has recently printed a series of articles by Messe, the first headed THE ARMISTICE [of September, 1943] WAS AN ALLIED TRAP.

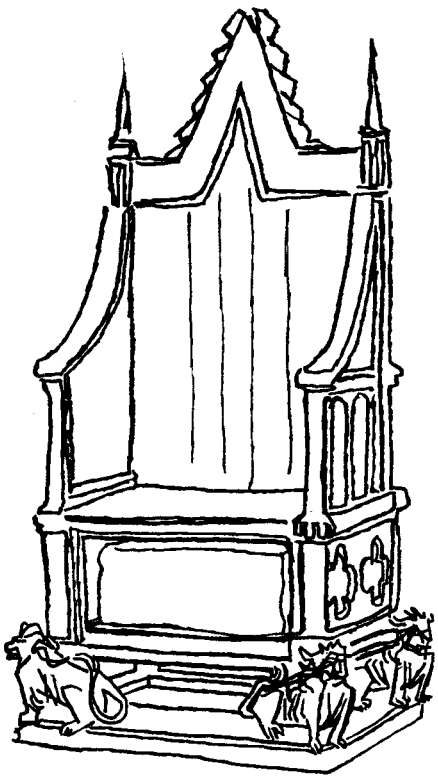
There is no doubt that many wealthy conservatives continue to look on the marshal as a potential savior, as a man on horseback ready to ride "for Country and Public Order." And there are indications that he would also be acceptable, under certain circumstances, to the neo-Fascists.

All in all, the disturbing signs that are visible in the present Italian situation have one principal origin: Too many Italians have learned too little and forgotten too much of the history of the past decade.

The existence of a neo-Fascist movement is only the most extreme manifestation of this basic condition. It means that if tomorrow the forces of wealth and tradition, which once helped so effectively in Mussolini's rise to power, should consider their interests and privileges directly threatened, they would know where to find the shock troops of a new counterrevolution. It also suggests that large sections of the Italian middle classes might again exchange their freedom for delusions of security and nationalistic grandeur. —LEO J. WOLLEMBORG

Rampaging Scots And the Stone of Scone

The British public pays little attention to minority groups until they commit some newsworthy outrage. The industrial unrest of the 1880's that gave birth to the Labour Party was scarcely heeded until members of a procession led down Pall Mall by John Burns threw stones into the gentlemen's clubs. The suffragettes won publicity only by burning churches, smashing shop windows, and chaining themselves to the gates of Buckingham Palace. And so it was not until the Stone of Scone was seized from Westminster Abbey early last Christmas morning that Scottish nationalism was put on the front pages of the London newspapers—a feat that years of patient propaganda had failed to accomplish.



The events of the ensuing few days had the flavor of a comic movie. A facetious promise "to leave no stone unturned" soon came from Scotland Yard. Roadblocks were flung across the highways leading to Scotland. The police dragged the Serpentine in Hyde Park, dredging up a concrete block and an empty safe with a revolver bullet inside. They boarded small craft in the Thames, questioned suspects unavailingly, and kept hinting at imminent success.

Much of the laughter, quiet in England and gusty in Scotland, was at the panic of some authorities. The public is sensitive to slights upon the dignity of the Crown, but it was hard not to chuckle when the Dean of Westminster wrung his hands and cried that it was "the most devastating thing that could have happened . . . [our] most precious relic . . . we shall never be happy until it is returned to us." When the Dean, himself a Scot, went on the air to announce that the King was "greatly distressed," he appealed to everyone to make a personal search for the Stone, adding that he would "go to the ends of the earth to fetch it back." Then the B.B.C., having avoided any reference to Scottish nationalists in its news broadcasts, banned any jokes about the episode. When the producer of one show smuggled in an oblique reference in a song, the B.B.C. made itself look foolish by deleting it from the repeat broadcast.

One columnist asked if Britain might expect the Egyptians to seize Cleopatra's Needle, the Greeks to carry off the Elgin Marbles, and the Communists to snatch the body of Karl Marx from Highgate Cemetery. The staid Manchester *Guardian* commented: "To combine jokes about the Stone with jests about Scotland Yard may seem a positively dizzy height of irreverence towards national institu-

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tions. Nevertheless, the combination is being achieved in common talk."

Official anxiety was understandable. The Stone is no more than a block of sandstone twenty-six by sixteen by eleven inches, weighing 336 pounds, and worth about fifty cents as building material. But as a symbol its worth is immeasurable. During the six hundred years that it has lain beneath the Coronation Chair, it has been used at every English coronation save that of Bloody Mary, who feared that it might have been contaminated by her Protestant predecessor. Even Oliver Cromwell sat upon it as Lord Protector, after he had executed King Charles I.

Before 1296, when Edward I looted the Stone from Scone Abbey on one of his aggressive expeditions across the border, it had been used as a coronation seat for kings of Scotland for a period reaching from history into legend; since it is made of good Scottish sandstone, the books record with skepticism the story that it once served Jacob as a pillow. But the Scots took very seriously the symbolic function of the Stone and the proverb which ran:

Except old saws do fail and wizards' wits be blind,
The Scots in place shall reign where they this stone shall find.

When, at the Battle of Bannockburn, the Scots had taught another English Edward that they intended to remain independent, he ordered the return of the Stone, but the men carrying it away from Westminster were forced back by an angry mob of Londoners. It has remained there ever since, a source of irritation to nationally minded Scots: They may concede the union of crowns in 1603, the Act of Union of 1707, even the indirect descent of George VI from their old Celtic kings. But the Stone of Destiny remains a symbol of Scottish nationhood. Many plans have been laid to secure its return. At last one of them has succeeded.

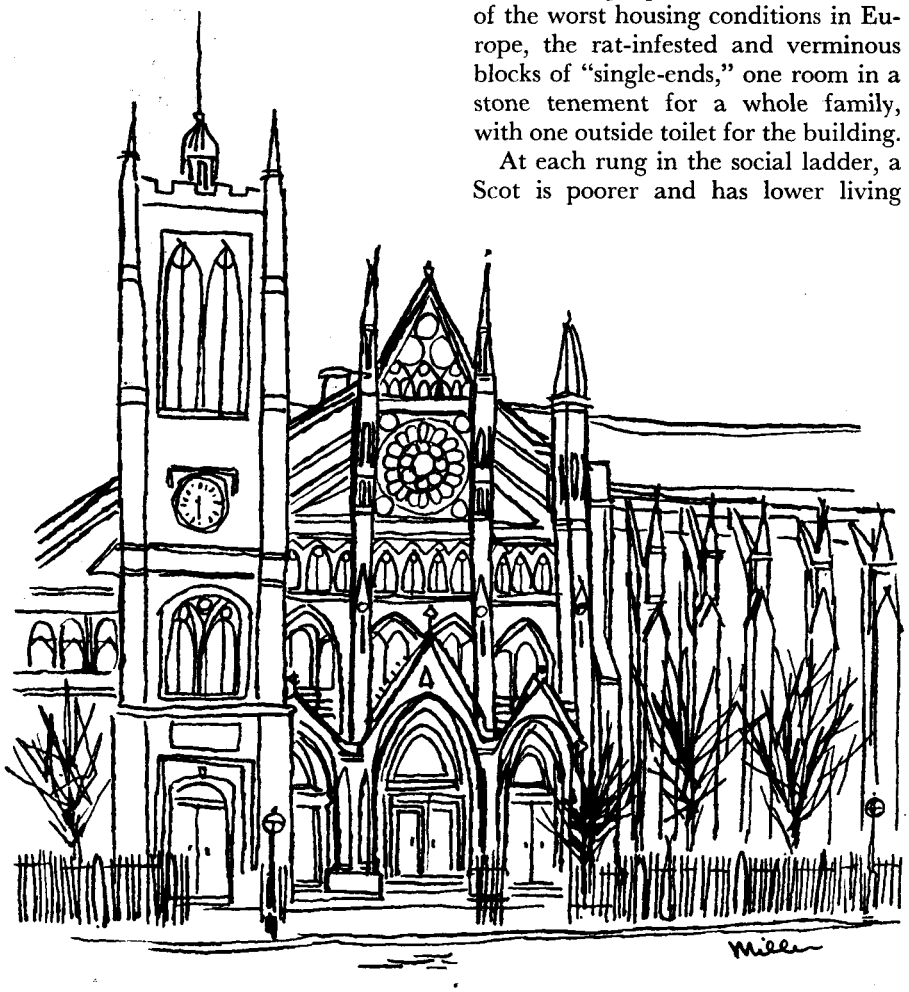
It is small wonder that most Scots are pleased. On New Year's Night, their traditional winter holiday, many a toast was drunk to the raiders, and replicas of the Stone were laid at the memorials to national heroes. At a nationalist celebration in Glasgow, the audience joined in singing a ballad composed in honor of the event. Nobody doubted that the Stone was safely in nationalist hands: A petition to the King, offering to produce it in return for a guarantee that it would remain in Scotland, contained details about a wrist watch found at the scene that could have been known only to the police and to the raiding party.

The threats of prosecution and cries of "sacrilege!" rang hollow in Scotland. Even if the culprits and the Stone were found, lawyers agreed, it would be hard to press a charge without opening a long, complex legal struggle about the ownership of the Stone. As for the clerics' complaint of sacrilege, real enough to an Anglican Church that has woven the symbolism of monarchy into its dogma, it made little impact on dour Presbyterians who were brought up to distrust such symbolism and ritual. Indeed, I found many moderate Scots, normally untouched by patriotic fervor, agreeing with the indignant words of Wendy Wood, one of the more picturesque figures in the nationalist ranks, who said that the Dean of Westminster was in no position to talk about sacrilege when he "had aided in concealing stolen goods in a sacred edifice."

The whole episode would have seemed little more than a rather adolescent prank but for two things. One was the ceremonial importance of the Stone. The other was that many people —overseas as well as in Britain— suddenly realized that Scottish nationalism was something more than a vaudeville joke.

Even a casual tourist would quickly notice some of Scotland's problems. The long empty stretches of the Highlands, the ruined crofts, the land gone back to deer and heather, the dwindling towns full of old people—all tell the story that has given Scotland an emigration rate fourteen times the British average. Drive through the belt of urban slums from Forth to Clyde, where more than half of Scotland's five million people live. Here are some of the worst housing conditions in Europe, the rat-infested and verminous blocks of "single-ends," one room in a stone tenement for a whole family, with one outside toilet for the building.

At each rung in the social ladder, a Scot is poorer and has lower living



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standards than his English counterpart. Yet in many essentials, including arable and pasture land, cattle, sheep, timber, water power, textiles, shipbuilding, heavy industry, and coal, Scotland's resources are greater per capita than those of England. Scotland exports far more to dollar and to soft-currency areas than it imports. The natural wealth is there, but where does it go?

The nationalists claim that it is drained away to England. At the moment, an official committee is studying Anglo-Scottish economic statistics, and until it reports it is hard to make any definite judgments about the nationalist argument.

Even if such accusations were largely false, what matters is that they are made and widely believed. The government in London makes a distant and suitable scapegoat for shortages and hardships. Nationalization of certain key industries and the imposition of elaborate economic controls lend color to charges of overcentralization and bureaucracy. Such Tory criticisms are grist to the nationalist mill. Even Labour supporters feel that the curse of bigness would be taken off the state undertakings if control of, say, Scottish mines, transport, steel, and electric power were decentralized and placed in the hands of a planning board in Edinburgh directly responsible to the Scottish people. The nationalist doctrine today is a strange mélange of anti-Socialism, anti-capitalism, and anti-government-from-London.

In recent years, much of the Scottish administrative machine has been moved from London to Edinburgh, where it is directed by a Secretary of State who commutes between the two cities. But this has only widened the gap between administration and legislation. The latter is still passed by the Parliament at Westminster, in which sit seventy-one Scottish Members. Only two days a year are allocated to Scottish affairs as such; for the rest, Scotland must make do with the same laws as England, despite the fact that it has its own legal system, its own educational structure, and social problems that vary greatly in degree and kind from England's. The Scots, whose proud sense of nationality has not been extinguished in two hundred years of partnership with England, now want

King Edward I

a greater measure of control over their domestic affairs.

The most striking testimony to this desire has been the support for the Covenant movement. The Covenant is a document calling for the grant of limited home rule, whereby the Westminster Parliament would retain control of what, in the United States, would be Federal matters, and a Scottish Parliament would deal directly with Scottish social and economic affairs. Northern Ireland already enjoys a status of this type. So far, nearly two million people have signed the Covenant—about two-thirds the number of Scottish votes cast at the last elections. Test plebiscites in limited areas have always shown a majority for home rule. But the British government has turned down the demand for an official plebiscite to decide the issue. Now, in March, the National Assembly —an *ad hoc* body in which all parties, churches, and similar groups are represented—will meet to review the Covenant campaign that it launched in October, 1949, and to decide on its future course of action.

At present the home-rule movement has a definite Conservative and middle-class bias. This is due, in part, to the fact that Labour is in power in London. When Labour was out, there was no more consistent advocate of limited Scots self-government. Similarly, when the Tories were in, they bitterly opposed home rule; now they are covertly encouraging the nationalists.

It is also due, however, to the leadership of "King John" MacCormick, the most influential nationalist leader, who has dominated the Covenant drive. MacCormick, a Glasgow lawyer widely spoken of as a probable Scottish Prime Minister, moved from the ranks of Labour through the Scottish National Party—which he helped to found twenty years ago—into a position combining home rule with the social views of an Illinois Republican. Indeed, on his return last year from an American visit, he was widely criticized in more radical nationalist circles for having happily consorted with the well-known Chicago publisher of similar name.

The limited demands of the Covenant do not satisfy the extreme nationalists, such as those organized in the Scottish National Party, who are seeking independence within the framework of the Commonwealth: Dominion status, in fact. Though the S.N.P. does not publish enrollment figures, it is known to have more than sixty branches, and it is growing.

The more intransigent Nationalists have sometimes made the movement look like an elaborate charade. Culturally assertive, they choose to write either in Gaelic or in Lallan (the dialect speech used by Robert Burns); they produce elaborate and plaintive dissertations on Scots history; and they often resemble a Scottish version of the prewar coteries in Bloomsbury and Montparnasse.

Among them you will find Hugh McDiarmid, the lyric poet who enjoys a royal pension and is housed on the estate of the Duke of Hamilton, whence he issues his verse manifestoes on Scottish republicanism. There is Oliver Brown, a classics master at a Glasgow high school, one of the key people in a semisecret group intended, he told me, "to serve as a commando unit for special activities." Brown naturally doesn't say whether the "liberation" of the Stone was the work of his group. But his militant temper may be judged from the titles of his many pamphlets—*Hitlerism in the Highlands*, for instance—and by his resolute opposition to "English" industrial and military conscription.

Such figures—and I have named

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only a few who are nationally known —give a dash of color to Scottish nationalism, though for all their romanticism they aspire to more realistic aims than the dreams of a neo-Celtic state, garlanded with tartans and floated on whisky, with which their critics seek to saddle them.

The trouble with the "Scotland-for-the-Scots" movement is that most Scots favor it and few English have strong feelings against it, yet nobody really knows quite what to do. Any British Government is bound to resist such a great political and administrative upheaval as long as it can.

Meanwhile, even the Scots who favor it do not agree on what they want in detail. Scottish nationalism today is basically a mood of protest. Neither Labour nor the Tories have solved Scotland's problems. In view of the prosperity of the Scandinavian nations, it is not surprising that more and more Scots are beginning to wonder whether their own prosperity and their democracy might not be better served by control of their own affairs.

In politics, it is not so much the facts that are important as what people believe. —NORMAN MACKENZIE

'King John' MacCormick

Winter of Discontent: Notes on Lake Success

A light rain had begun to fall that day last August just as Jacob Malik, after an absence of seven months, arrived at Lake Success and moved through a nimbus of flashbulbs toward the Delegates' Lounge. He was immediately surrounded by all of the regular U.N. reporters, reinforced by dozens of journalists whose editors had not previously considered the U.N. important enough for regular staff coverage.

A platoon of men and women from *Time* and *Life* appeared in taxis that they had hailed twenty miles away at Rockefeller Center. The senior correspondent carried credentials which had expired in 1946; as soon as he got his bearings, he had the situation sized up in no time. One young man from *Life* stole a march on his colleagues by getting some of the old hands to brief him on such questions as "This Malik, what language will he speak in?" and "What's Trygve Lie's job out here?" He did so well that after his brief stint as a diplomatic correspondent he was promoted to the post of nature editor of the magazine.

But the holiday mood of late summer and fall, while MacArthur was advancing in Korea and Acheson was pressing his plan in the General Assembly for unified action in case of future aggression, has now been replaced by a mood of formalized apathy; crisis has become familiar and even commonplace. There were very few correspondents from the news magazines present the other day at a meeting of the Political and Security Committee when the three-man cease-fire group presented one of its reports.

What the cease-fire group had to say was not fundamentally different from its previous efforts to end the fighting in Korea, and few delegates had much hope for a change of heart in Peking. The diplomats seemed dispirited. Jean Chauvel of France paced around the large conference table, his bald head bent forward meditatively. Sir Benegal Narsing Rau of India rocked sadly back and forth in his chair. Malik was probably coming down with the indisposition that was shortly to put him on the inactive list. His disciplined smirk had relaxed into an expressionless stare. He permitted himself to yawn once or twice.

Only Sir Gladwyn Jebb of the United Kingdom seemed to be in form. "Even at this very late hour," he said in that slightly condescending tone that exudes assurance that a gentleman can thrash a ruffian any day, "it certainly is wise that the Peiping Government should be given one more chance to show whether it is prepared to accept a peaceful solution . . ."

The beginning of Sir Gladwyn's remarks coincided with the arrival of his press officer, who is the very model of a dashing young first secretary and who rejoices in the improbable name of St. John Donn-Byrne. Elegantly tailored, his school tie asserted by a simple clasp, Donn-Byrne has a trick of thickening his own British accent into an accurate and admiring imitation of Sir Gladwyn's, enabling one to imagine what Donn-Byrne himself will be like (provided, of course, that there'll always be an England) in a few decades.

"To think how best to save lives," Sir Gladwyn concluded, "is not in itself, I suggest, 'appeasement'; it can only be qualified by this tendentious name if it is combined with suggestions for a dishonorable settlement."

Once again the full-throated Senatorial eloquence of American delegate Warren Austin was pitched firmly in the key of righteous indignation. Aus-

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tin finds it difficult to register the shadings and halftones which a diplomat like Sir Gladwyn or the American, Ernest Gross, manages. By accepting a battle of histrionics and bombast on the terms offered by the Russians, Austin has more than once made it appear that the American policy was one of high-minded indecision.

On this occasion, Austin's position was that the Chinese Communists would more than likely reject the proposal—in fact, he may have hoped they would—but that if the others wanted to have a go at it once more, he would not object.

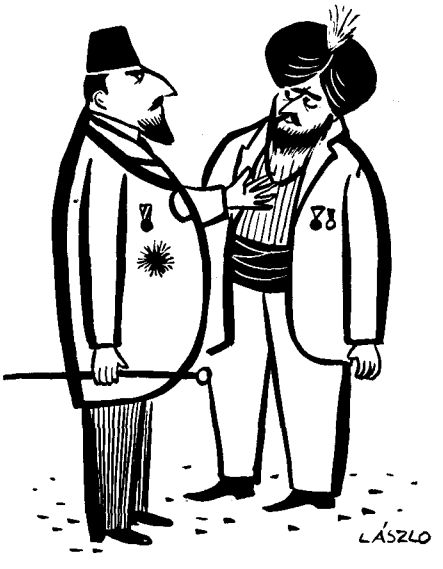
Eleven days later, when about half of the delegates seemed to think that Peking's reply indicated at least a minor change of heart, Austin indulged himself in a demonstration of Vermont anger. He gave a piece of his mind to Mahmoud Fawzi Bey of Egypt, who wanted time to study Peking's reply, by trumpeting out the information that he "would like to get the floor and would not like to be forced off the floor by a gentleman who seems to think he has the right to assume the floor and talk many, many times." He pressed for condemnation of the Chinese Reds as aggressors: "the resolution . . . simply happens to be offered by the United States but is supported by a very large majority of this committee." Austin presently found himself on the short end of the vote on a procedural motion to adjourn, which he himself had converted into a political question. The "very large majority," if it was a majority at all, seemed to be made up of Nationalist China, the Philippines, some dependable South Americans, and an assortment of rather reluctant delegates who felt that if Austin insisted, they would not be in much of a position to object.

Austin's television personality has improved considerably over the summer and fall. He looks up from his text more frequently, and has learned to avoid certain theatrical gestures which didn't go over very well. Television and intensive radio coverage during the last few months have given millions of Americans a vivid but inaccurate impression of what goes on at the U.N. Skillful directors have cut out the Security Council's hours of consecutive translations; the General Assembly's hours of painfully familiar speeches, which seem as if they too must be consecutive translations of something one has already heard; the hours of waiting in the Delegates' Lounge, enlivened only by rumor-mongering, name-dropping, gossiping, and laughing too much or smiling too brightly at witticisms that were not really as funny as all that; and the curious mixture of excitement and boredom which is not unlike a soldier's experience in combat.

American radio and television, with their talent for souping up the tedious, make it appear that all those who move in what they call "U.N. circles" burn continuously with a hard, gem-like flame as they speak their lines and stride purposefully about the focal point of the world's destiny. No impression has been given of the monotony there must be in the life of, say, a supernumerary on one of the large delegations, who has read most of the speeches hours and even days before they are delivered. He knows the strategy of his team and the probable strategy of the opposition, and then he descends from his limousine at the delegates' entrance with that sense of the imminence of great things that must always attend such an arrival, only to realize that nothing is different after all, despite the headlines.

"If this effort fails to produce the hoped-for result," Austin said in discussing the cease-fire proposal, "I have a strong feeling that we shall be firmly united in opposing aggression."

It is one thing to talk about being firmly united in opposing aggression, and it is another thing to talk about "babies freezing in their mothers' arms in open fields." When Colonel Ben C. Limb of the Republic of Korea interrupted the theoretical discussion to report to his colleagues some of the things he had seen in Korea, there was an embarrassed silence, as if Colonel Limb had violated the rules of diplomatic decorum by belching or telling a dirty joke. The South Koreans are apparently fearful that their allies will abandon them and choose instead to oppose aggression some other day when the military odds might be more favorable. "There is one advantage which you might not find elsewhere at another time," said Colonel Limb. "The moral issue is clear."



No one talks about morality more than the Russians. Malik, who seemed tired at first but gradually warmed to his subject, found the truce committee's report immoral. So did Juliusz Katz-Suchy of Poland.

When it finally came to a vote, several Arab nations announced that they would not support the motion, although they agreed with it, because it had been taken up ahead of a similar motion that they had proposed themselves, and because it had been sponsored by Israel.

A shock of incongruity, similar to that one feels on coming out of a movie into the brightness of an afternoon, struck those who left the carpeted room where diplomats were giving "consideration to the problem of what principles would have to be laid down as a basis for possible negotiations subsequent to the envisaged establishment of a cease-fire" and walked through part of the building where carpenters were knocking out partitions to make room for the machinery of the Sperry Gyroscope Company. In 1946, when war contracts slackened off, part of their plant was rented to the U.N. Now the Sperry people want the space back as soon as the U.N. can move into Manhattan, or do whatever else it's going to do.

The new building in Manhattan has plenty of windows, but at Lake Success there are none in the rooms where meetings are held. The delegates have no way of knowing when the weather outside has changed. During the afternoon, it had taken a turn for the worse. A cold rain was becoming sleet.

—Robert K. Bingham

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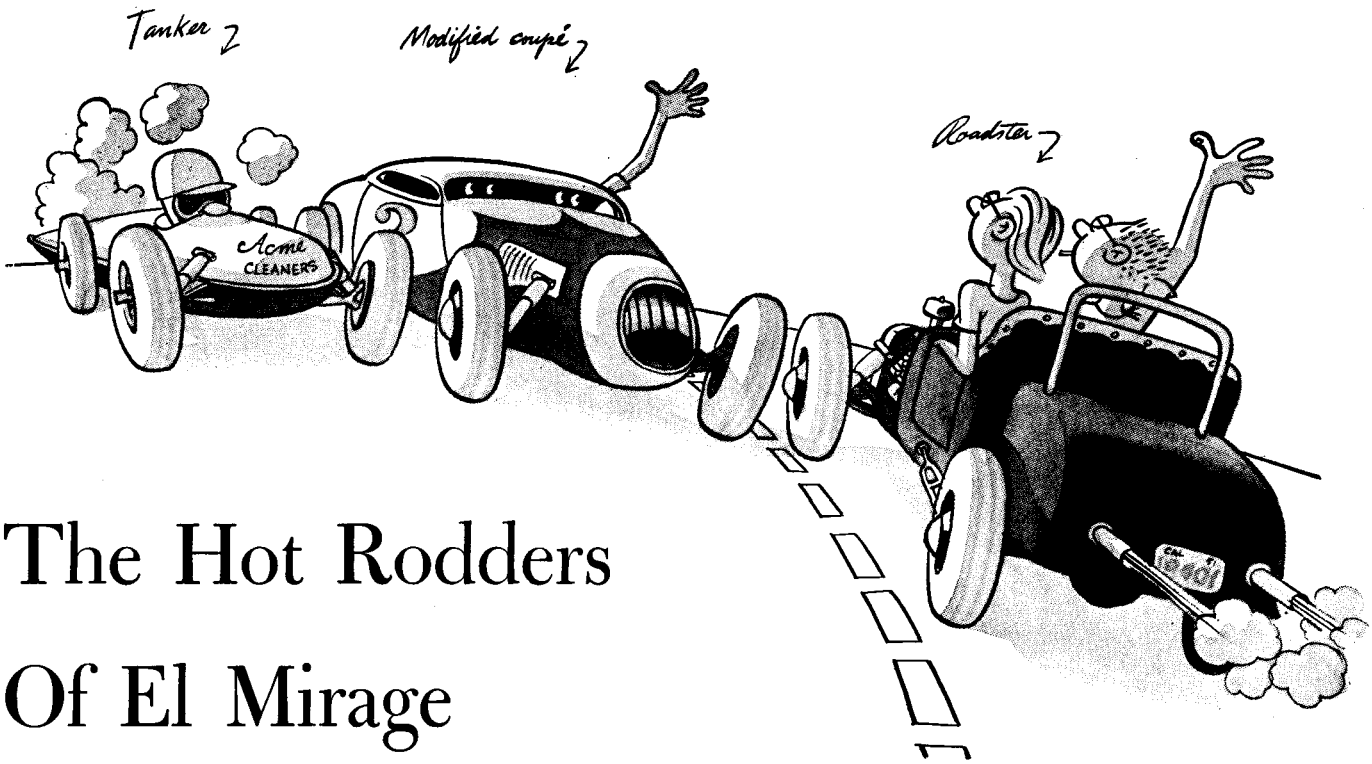

The Hot Rodders Of El Mirage

El Mirage Dry Lake, a hundred and twenty miles northeast of Los Angeles, is a flat, sun-blasted, white-alkali sink, swept by winds and circled by sage desert, saguaro cactus, and, in the distance, tan and bony hills. Even coyotes usually avoid it.

By sundown one recent Friday, when I arrived at El Mirage before the weekend time trials of the Russetta Timing Association, Inc., a federation of local hot-rod clubs, many of the contestants were already busy over their cars. The wind from the hills across the alkali dust was gentle, and the blue haze in the basin was beginning to chill. A hundred-odd hot rods were rolled down from trailers or driven in and parked in long rows—dilapidated-looking sedans with their fenders and most of their paint gone; sawed-off coupés with small front wheels and large rear ones; sleek, squat roadsters ("lakesters") with stock bodies and the hoods of racing cars; 175-mile-an-hour open-wheel "streamliners" with bodies fashioned from surplus aircraft belly tanks. Men in dungarees swarmed around and over them. Here a young man revved up a 225-horsepower engine until it bellowed, while beyond him a loud backfiring issued from a coupé being worked over by a young woman in dungarees, with her blond hair tied up to keep it out of the fan blades. Night closed in while they and a hundred others worked tensely by flashlight over their engines. Before ten o'clock, cots and bedrolls were laid out on the alkali between the cars, and the campfires had burned down.

When I awoke, stiff with cold, in the early dawn, several motors were roaring. A long line stretched away from a mobile lunch wagon, and I headed that way and fell in behind a portly, mild-looking man with gray in his hair and a stubbly beard.

"Looks like a junk yard, don't it?" the man commented, as we got coffee and sat down on the running board of an odd-shaped car made out of parts from other, departed cars.

"Well, don't go by the looks until you see what's underneath," he went on. "It'll surprise you what some of these rag bags cost. Any one of them will accelerate better than your stock Cadillac. Your Class A coupés and sedans and roadsters, which aren't modified too much, will do around 135 to 140. Your Class B's and C's, which are more modified and have got all the unnecessary extras like lights and fenders off of them, will crowd 150. Your real cut-down racing roadsters will do better than 160, and your serious stuff, your streamliners, will turn anything from 170 up. One of them has done over 210."

"It seems a long way from Los Angeles up to this place," I said, after a while.

"It is a long way," the man replied, "but that's the way people want it. We're considered a menace. They don't distinguish between us and the kids driving jalopies in town. When one of these kids piles into somebody, the newspapers always put 'hot rod' in the headline and we get blamed."

The man, whose name is Fred and who runs a small trucking business, looked as though this were a load to bear.

"I'd break this whole hot-rod thing down into four parts, roughly," he continued. "First, there's your squirrel and his gow job, which is some old dog with the muffler and fenders gone, and foxtails all over it. He *is* a menace. It's something you gotta go through between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, I'd say, to let people know you're around.

"Then there's the older guy, between about eighteen and twenty-one, who ain't juiced up quite so bad. He's a squirrel too, understand, only he's beginning to take more interest in the car itself, and not so much in how he

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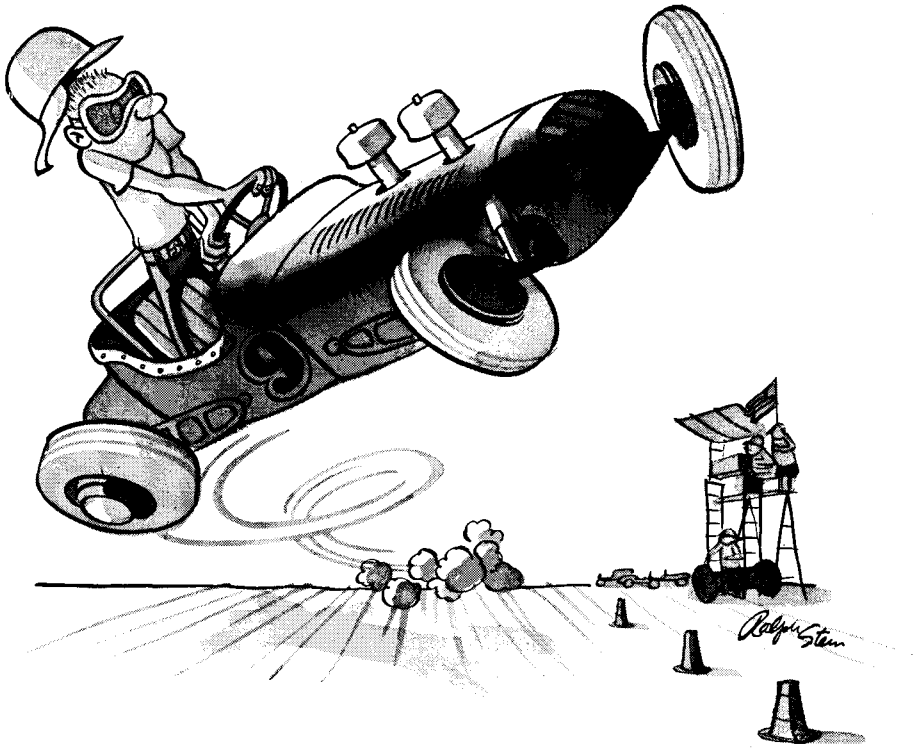

looks driving it. Usually he starts to study the machinery and engineering of the thing, and make some beginner's improvements in the car.

"The big majority of what's commonly called hot rodders is usually between twenty-one and twenty-six. By this time they got the fever and are working in their garages every night, building all kinds of rods—racers, original sports jobs, everything. Most of these guys bring their cars up here, but a lot of them don't. They're satisfied to have something better than the average, but they don't have to come up here to prove it to one another. It's kind of dangerous up here, you know," he said.

"Finally, there's your true hot rodder, which is us guys who build cars just for performance. These cars are more or less useless for anything but racing the clock up here. We drive like mice in traffic. We try to get the kids into our clubs to keep them out of trouble. We're older—the age here runs from about eighteen to sixty-two, although the real old guys don't drive—and we don't want notoriety."

"Were you ever a squirrel?" I asked.

"Everybody was, one time. But now we're no different than anybody else."

"What else does a hot rodder like, besides the cars?" I asked.

"Well," said Fred, "he's not much for your sports, or booze, or women. He's not much for making money, either. Money-making's a talent. We don't have it. And I wouldn't say we was very popular socially. We're kind of clannish. And when we spend, we spend on the cars."

We walked over to where the hot rodders were working on their cars. "You can see that you couldn't drive this kind of a car in traffic," Fred said. "They're a very heavy investment. These cars cost around two, three thousand—sometimes higher. You don't take chances with your valuables. I'm scared to death of traffic."

"Does anybody ever get killed up here?"

"Once in a while. Mostly when they hit rough spots and spin out. They start turning and twisting. This course is a menace. The measured quarter mile out there in the middle of the course where we clock the speeds with the electric timer has a bad spot in it. You'll see them hit it today. Some of the guys aren't going to run on account of it. We ought to have a paved strip, paid for by the county," Fred said with some bitterness. "We pay taxes for golf courses we never use. If they can pay for them golfers, they can pay for us."

The cars were now roaring in crescendo. In places, one car would be surrounded by as many as five owners, all working over it. Fred motioned me toward a coupé with the front end of a racer and the top cut down so far the windows were mere slits. He pointed to the engine.

"Ain't that the end?" he said.

I saw a heavily chromed V-type eight-cylinder Mercury engine block with glistening cylinder heads and three open carburetors, plus a tangle of wires and other pieces of mechanism I could not identify.

"This car has done 146 miles an hour," Fred said, leaning over the engine. "The kid who built it is only seventeen years old and has to get his parents' consent in writing every time he drives up here."

A boy whose hair grew over his collar and whose eyes were strangely glazed raised his head from the mechanism and nodded at me after Fred's introduction. I said I knew nothing about cars and asked him to explain his to me.

"Well," he said, meditatively, "it's a stroker with eight barrels, three alky jugs, and special skins on the back. It's got a quick box, of course. Evans head, Weiand manifold, Povin cam, and Kong ignition. The head's relieved to the point where you couldn't shave off another thousandth of an inch."

We moved on.

"What was he talking about, Fred?" I asked.

Fred explained that a stroker is an engine in which the up-and-down motion of the pistons has been lengthened by a special crankshaft. "Extra power," Fred said. The barrels were cylinders; the alky jugs, carburetors converted to burning methanol; the special skins were Firestone racing tires; the quick box was the transmission.

We walked down rows of cars toward the stand at the starting line. "What would be your ideal car, Fred?" I asked.

"Very simple," Fred said instantly, as though he had been thinking of that very subject. "A flat motor laid right under the front seat to distribute the weight evenly on the wheels. The pistons would move in and out from the sides with no strain, like in a bus motor. I'd want two carburetors and a straight exhaust pipe, and a standard transmission with overdrive."

At my request Fred introduced me to Russetta Timing's officers. The president was a dark, chunky young man

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who seemed both amiable and competent. "Let's get down to business," he said, rubbing his hands. "My time's limited."

I said I wanted to know something about the history of hot rodding. By this time we had gathered about five talkers and a dozen listeners. They all stopped to watch a low-slung roadster roar away from the starting line.

"That's Agajanian," the president said. "John Agajanian, formerly of Bakersfield. He's a Roadent."

"No, he's a Rod Rider," the secretary corrected him. "That's a club in the Russetta setup," he explained to me. "We got others—the Screwdrivers, Jokers, Prowlers, Cam Pounders, Rod Knockers, Velociteers, Hutters, Arabs, Aristocrats. A couple of dozen."

Hot roddism, or the organized effort to make stock cars go as fast as possible, was born in Los Angeles around 1920, and has ever since made that city its world capital. The reason it started, the president said, was that some mechanics envied the racers then burning up the nation's dirt tracks, and decided to make their own cars perform like them. The Ford Model T, that experimental laboratory of an American generation, had given them the opportunity. The Model T sold for around $300 new, and as low as $25 used. As it came off the assembly line, the T engine generated a feeble 20 horsepower, but when the early hot rodders went to work on it, they added as much as 80 more. These cars had more power than any standard American automobile then on the roads.

The Model A Ford, which arrived in 1927, was quickly revamped in dozens of Los Angeles garages and sheds, and its horsepower jacked up from 40 to 150. When the Ford V-8 was introduced in 1932, skilled amateurs got as much as 190 horsepower out of it, and the city found itself with a problem on its hands. It was too much to expect of a young man who worked five nights a week and put all his money and creative energy into an automobile not to take it out for a turn. The streets of Los Angeles, said my informants, had become speedways, and occasionally grisly crashes had occurred.

"By 1935," Fred cut in, "the Los Angeles Motor Vehicle Code had so many anti-hot rod ordinances you couldn't drive anything in the city limits—the speed limit is still 25—without having it impounded. In self-defense, we had to organize the guys into clubs and the clubs into associations. The first one was the Southern California Timing Association."

"That's still the big one," the secretary interrupted. "We specialize in coupés and sedans. They concentrate on roadsters, lakesters and streamliners—the high-speed jobs. They got one modified roadster owned by a guy they call The Dumb Kid, because nobody can beat him, that turns more than 160. Hell, they got a streamliner that looks like one of the big British record breakers, only smaller, that did 210 on the Bonneville Salt Flats last August. And with a Mercury block in it."

"I remember," Fred went on dreamily, "when we used to race at night on Lincoln Boulevard on the outskirts of town. About two hundred of us would show up around midnight and we'd race in the light of other cars' headlights until four o'clock in the morning. Everybody would gun for the hot dog who was beating everybody; we'd all put the choose to him. We'd usually pacify him, but if we didn't it was all right. We got our kicks."

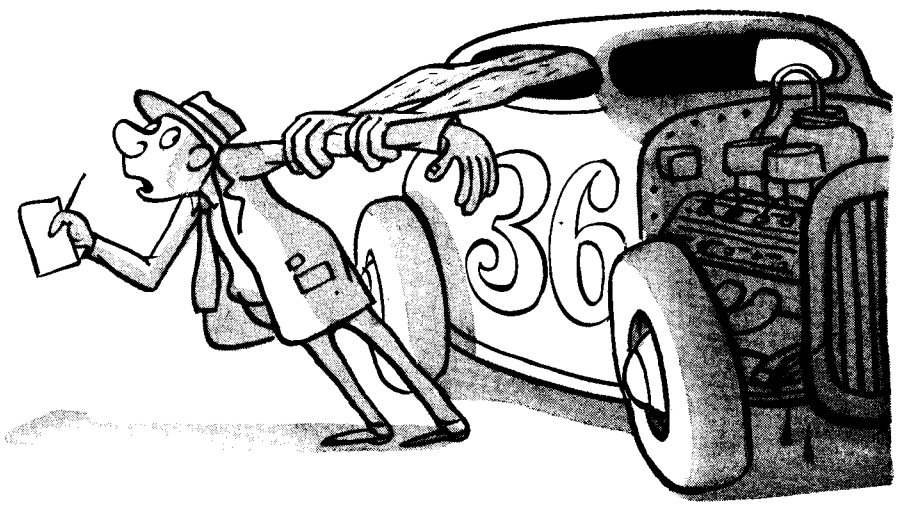
When the police began breaking up these night meetings, Fred said, the S.C.T.A. had to take the races out of town to Muroc Dry Lake, a few miles south of El Mirage. S.C.T.A. broke the various hot-rod models into classes and set up stiff competition rules. Since it was impossible to race two cars at Muroc because of the dust and the tricky wind, the hot rodders began to race the stop watch. One driver at a time would roar down a marked quarter mile in an attempt to better the time of all other drivers, even by a tenth of a second. It was pretty safe because the course was good—much better than El Mirage—and the operation was on a precision basis. There were times when somebody hit a soft spot and began to spin, of course. Or when somebody tore the gears out of his car jam-shifting at ninety miles an hour. Or when somebody's engine caught fire. But in three years of organized time trials at Muroc, only one hot rodder had been killed.

They called the president's name on the loudspeaker at this moment and he hurried off. The heat was blistering now.

Fred said that the Air Force had taken over Muroc during the war so that the hot rodders had had to move to El Mirage. Not that that mattered much. "We had eighty per cent in the service," he said. "When we got back we had to start all over."

"But this thing never really grew until after the war," said the secretary, hastily. "Now they got hot-rod clubs in every state and also in Australia, England, and France. We got a $7-million industry in Los Angeles, making nothing but hot rods. We also got a magazine, called *Hot Rod,* which has 250,000 readers."

"They're not all kids," Fred said. "We have two teachers, three lawyers, a doctor, a couple of accountants, and a sackful of businessmen, but most of them are clerks, students, firemen, G.I.'s on pensions, laborers, pilots, cops,



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musicians, elevator operators, carpenters. But mostly mechanics like I said."

"What do you do when you're not working on the cars?"

The members looked at one another absently. The president came hustling back and the question was passed to him.

"Well, I know what I do," he said. "I do what everybody else does. My mamma didn't raise no freaks."

The others nodded vigorously.

"What he means," said another, "is that we're very tired of being considered different. We're Americans. Sure, we work on the cars a lot. But don't other guys spend just as much time making birdhouses or playing canasta? The cars are a hobby. It's supposed to be good for you in this country to have a hobby."

"We go for the hot rods," the secretary said nervously. "because the cars you get from the factory haven't got enough poop to swing a windshield wiper. The fuel-distribution systems are terrible, and the exhaust systems are worse. Why should we drive digs like that when we can . . ."

Fred was collecting his thoughts. "Maybe we're still just kids at heart. But a man can't honestly put up with an engine that was designed basically for grandma, can he?"

"Nobody has to sit back and take that kind of an engine!" the secretary said with some feeling. "And that ain't all. You ought to tell the man how it feels—the feeling you get in the cars when you clutch off good. It jams you back in the seat. Your tissues disintegrate. There ain't anything can beat you."

The secretary's eyes fastened on me. "Mister," he said, "there ain't any way to describe it. You gotta live it.

"That's it," he persisted. "What you oughta do to find out is take a little ride with me."

"Uhh—" I said.

The others all turned to look at me. The secretary pointed to a battered, yellowish, evil-looking coupé with a big number 36 painted on it.

"How about it?" the secretary breathed.

"Some other time," I murmured.

"What?" the secretary shouted.

"Not today!" I said. "I got sinus."

—Richard A. Donovan

Views & Reviews

Are We Imperialists?

In his valuable study entitled *The Soviet Image of the United States,* Frederick C. Barghoorn reports that Soviet propaganda concerning America presents "a uniformly somber and negative picture of disintegration and decadence." Our economic collapse, Stalin's publicists argue, would be complete except for our frantic spending on warlike goods and such disguised "imperialist" ventures as our Marshall Plan aid.

It is not exactly clear how a nation whose people are as decadent as Stalin's propaganda asserts can produce so many surplus goods for which they must find a market even if they have to give them away. Nevertheless, that is the American situation, as portrayed in Russia.

It is a picture not to be dismissed as simply another example of the Big Lie. It is probable that to a considerable extent the Kremlin believes its own stories. America must be imperialist because the infallible Lenin said that imperialism is an inevitable last stage of capitalism. If this belief were confined to countries in the grip of Stalin's imperial Communism, it would be hurtful enough to peace and mutual understanding. But I have been deeply impressed by the extent to which it has been accepted in Europe and Asia even by non-Communists. Indeed, there are more Americans than one might guess who have written me to ask if I did not find a connection between the Korean War and, for instance, the need of the steel trust for markets.

Hence it becomes important for us to examine American facts in relation to a Leninist theory that capitalism will always and everywhere drive a capitalist nation to imperialist action. That theory had many facts to support it when it was advanced in somewhat less absolute form, by such writers as the English economist John A. Hobson and the socialist journalist, H. N. Brailsford, to explain colonial imperialism and the origins of the First World War. That war certainly arose in large part out of the clash of absolute national sovereignties for sources of supply and raw materials, markets for finished goods, and places where their prosperous citizens could more profitably invest their savings.

It was never true, I now think, that the imperialism of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries or the coming of the First World War could be explained exclusively in economic terms. National pride and national security played their parts. Yet the economic condition of the nations of western Europe, their lack of natural resources within their own territories, and their relative industrial advancement as compared with Asia and Africa played a tremendous role in creating the old type of colonial imperialism and the rivalries that led to war.

Are similar causes leading to like results in the case of the United States? It is certainly true that our economy even before the Korean War was mightily bound up with the arms race. Yet it is putting the cart before the horse to assert that the arms race was the result of a conscious drive by American merchants of death. It was not an economic situation that led to political expression in the arms race. It was, on the contrary, the political decision forced by fear of imperial Communist aggression that bound American economy to the arms race. Our position at this point is another illustration of the fact that politics determines economics to a degree that would have seemed impossible not only to Marx but a great many non-Marxist theorists of the nineteenth century.

Let us look at some facts about the United States. It is perfectly true that our ancestors took this rich continent

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by force. Our Puritan forebears "first fell on their knees and then fell on the aborigines." But ours was a relatively empty continent and little violence was needed to take it. After the Mexican War, the nation was content to develop what it had. At the end of the nineteenth century, following the Spanish-American War, it began a kind of imitative imperialism and wrote an ugly chapter of dollar diplomacy and intervention south of the Rio Grande on behalf of bankers and oilmen.

This sort of imperialism didn't pay. In the middle 1920's, Professor Parker Thomas Moon published a remarkable study which showed that imperialism in general wasn't paying very well. Our trade with Canada was worth more than the trade with all the Latin-American nations together. It was none other than a banker, a Morgan partner, Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, who, animated by a mixture of intelligence and idealism, ended the threat of American intervention in Mexico. Later and more decisively, the United States refused to follow the imperial pattern when the Mexican government confiscated all the American oil holdings in Mexico. Oil was valuable to the United States and there was fear that our reserves were running low. Yet the government did not so much as withdraw its ambassador, and there was no great outcry for any intervention in the territory of a comparatively weak neighbor.

I am by no means arguing the perfection of our policy. Our government has been too conciliatory to South American dictators, most of whom have come to power by *coups d'état*. However, our relations with the nations south of us in no way conform to Lenin's dogma or the pattern of western Europe's colonial expansion in the nineteenth century. Our government did not even insist on retaining the use of airfields in the Republic of Panama when a nationalist government which resented this use came to power. Not even defense of the canal forced "imperialist" action.

Previously, in other parts of the world, the United States had stood for the Open Door in China, and had used the Boxer indemnity solely for the education of Chinese students. Later it carried out its promise to grant independence to the Philippines. Certain unwise and unjust economic concessions attached to the grant of independence have never been utilized for the exploitation of the islands. Instead, Washington will probably grant them further economic aid, properly conditioned on land reform.

After the Second World War, so far were the American people and government from wishing to consolidate imperial gains that they demobilized precipitately. From Teheran until months after Potsdam, our government acceded to every one of Stalin's important demands. We were principal victors in a terrible war. Yet so far did we depart from the imperial pattern that our victory thus far has cost us $36.5 billion for relief and rehabilitation in Europe and Asia. What we have spent on arms in those regions has been by way of loans or gifts to legally constituted governments.

Of course, we have left undone much that we ought to have done in a cooperative war against the world's poverty. Nevertheless, on the record, the United States has not conformed to Lenin's theory of imperialism as the inevitable last stage of capitalism. Our European and Asian friends who say, as some of them have said to me, "The struggle is simply between two empires, yours and Russia's; Russia's may be temporarily the worse but imperialism is imperialism," are consciously or unconsciously repeating Leninist dogma contrary to the facts.

The imperialism that threatens our time is a tremendous Communist drive for power under the dictatorship of a ruler who is also absolute in the mighty Soviet Union. Stalin's imperialism is indeed capitalist—state capi-

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talist—rather than socialist in its economy. In its enormous expansion Communist imperialism, notably in China, won much popular support against the crimes and blunders of its opponent. But it is becoming daily more evident everywhere, in Europe and in Asia, that it can hold its dominion only by the most arbitrary and ruthless use of police power.

I do not say that American failure to conform to the Leninist pattern of inevitable imperialism is simply proof of superior moral virtue. Neither am I asserting that under no circumstances can or will the United States become imperialist. I am arguing that the Leninist formula took inadequate account of facts, especially in the United States. Lenin, and in a lesser degree his non-Communist predecessors, made the mistake of generalizing too easily from British history. They did not allow for the size of the United States, the richness of its internal markets, its wealth of resources. They anticipated neither the capacity of American capitalism to discover that the old type of imperialism did not pay nor the strength of popular restraints upon that capitalism.

It is quite true that the highest prosperity of the United States is bound up in the prosperity of the world and that the United States would be helped by a sound world trade. It is not true that the Marshall Plan was therefore the child of Wall Street or the favorite of the National Association of Manufacturers. On the whole, both of them eyed it with suspicion and sought to reduce its scope. The Marshall Plan won in America partly because it seemed to strengthen Europe against Communism, partly because it satisfied an innate American sense of responsibility for the well-being of the rest of the world.

My story has a moral. Rather it is a plea that friends of peace and freedom here and in other lands will not throw away their influence as constructive critics of American foreign policy by repeating the false and irritating charges that America supports the terrible burdens imposed by this crisis out of desire to become a second Rome, a greater Britain. The aggressive imperialism of our time is not that described by Lenin but that which calls him father. —NORMAN THOMAS

A.A.A.—Lewenthal's Big Art Foundry

Reeves Lewenthal

Traditionally, art in the American parlor has tended, in subject matter and genre, toward such dusky masterpieces as "The Stag at Eve," representations of dead or mortally wounded hares, and flocks of ducks about to be shot in ambush by crouching hunters. Nowadays, a good part of this somber menagerie has been expelled from the nation's parlor walls. The beasts seem to have gone out along with the traditional scenic or flowered wallpaper, while van Gogh reproductions, bought at Woolworth's or the corner drugstore for a couple of dollars, have come in, along with Kem-Tone and Spred, the wonder paints that any housewife can slap on between luncheon and dinner. In middle-income homes particularly, it is common to see, in place of the slightly mildewed etchings of "Custer's Last Stand," reproductions of works by Renoir, Degas, and even Picasso, not to mention the inevitable van Gogh sunflowers.

Whatever the various causes of this aesthetic blossoming in the American home, it is probably true to say that the influence of the orthodox American art galleries has not been one of them. Between the tastes of the parlor and the offerings of the art gallery there has been a big, blank void. Art being a luxury product, the galleries, with their stock in trade of old masters and accepted moderns, and with a small, wealthy band of collectors and aesthetes ever ready to consume conspicuously, have almost never taken any particular interest in truck with the common herd.

An exception to his rule is Associated American Artists, a private corporation founded by and presided over by Reeves Lewenthal, an enthusiastic, restless, practically sleepless businessman of forty-one, who has bounded into the art world with a high-pressure merchandising operation designed to bridge the gap between parlor and gallery.

Associated American Artists, or A.A.A., has brought to a field of quiet whispers the trumpetry of full-page advertisements, mail-order catalogues, press-agentry, special promotions, and spectacularly packaged deals.

A.A.A. represents on an exclusive basis 137 American artists, including Thomas Hart Benton, Georges Schreiber, the Albright twins, Paul Sample, Luigi Lucioni, Adolf Dehn, George Grosz, and William Gropper. Collectively, these painters are known in A.A.A. literature as "America's Great Artists," a proprietary term that gently excludes many excellent artists who place themselves beyond the pale of greatness by declining to become Associated.

A.A.A. ranges as far afield from

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standard art-gallery operations as does Sears, Roebuck from Saks Fifth Avenue. Within its manifold functions, A.A.A.'s art gallery, a handsome affair directly over Prince Matchabelli's perfume salon on Fifth Avenue, around the corner from 57th Street, the Wall Street of the art world, is a relatively minor operation. The organization's major activities reach into the necktie, glass, oil, diamond, coffee, beer, and soft-drink industries.

It runs a million-dollar-a-year mail-order enterprise in inexpensive reproductions of the works of its artists, including reproductions on playing cards and Christmas cards. Recently it has gone into a program under which reproductions of ceramics by many of its artists are being sold in dozens of department stores. This program alone, the products of which are known as Stonelain ware, promises, according to Lewenthal, an added turnover of half a million dollars this year.

Last year A.A.A. grossed three million dollars in sales and services, or approximately half the total business grossed in the boom year of 1946 by all American art galleries from the sale of American and European paintings and sculpture.

Lewenthal, while eager to speak of A.A.A.'s commercial success—"There's no reason why art shouldn't be merchandised like chewing gum"—also likes, on suitable occasions, to impute to it overtones of general philanthropy. "We must bring art to the *people*," he says. "We think that the public will come to recognize quality in art if it's exposed to it long enough. This damnable snobbish attitude toward art must be broken."

Acquaintances who have been persuaded to join wholeheartedly in Lewenthal's crusade against snobbery occasionally have concluded, after examining his mail-order catalogues, that A.A.A.'s method of crushing snobbery may be to popularize it out of existence.

For $7.50, A.A.A. customers, or patrons, as Lewenthal invariably calls them, may order miniature color reproductions which, according to the catalogues, are "heirlooms." At prices ranging from $12 to $22.50 they may obtain "Amazing Facsimiles" of miniature sculptures by "Famous Artists created by a secret process which makes them indistinguishable in appearance from the original." And for $14.50 they may, "thanks to the secret Wolkenberg process," buy "richly sculptured" reproductions of busts of great Americans. A.A.A. patrons get more than Art. They get Gracious Living.

While a number of Lewenthal's artists possibly live somewhat less graciously than their customers, Lewenthal is keen to keep up their morale.

"We feel that the artist ought not to be a social oddity in a country like this," Lewenthal says. "The idea of the artist starving in a garret is largely a twentieth-century development, anyway. Always the artist has been dependent for his livelihood on the dominant economic force of his day. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he looked to the Church for patronage. Then the merchant princes took over, by and large, the patronage of art. After the industrial revolution this source of revenue tailed off. Today we're getting big business to take the place of the Church. Industry is sponsoring some fine art."

Lewenthal's search for such sponsors is unceasing, and some of his most successful missionary work has been done with large corporations.

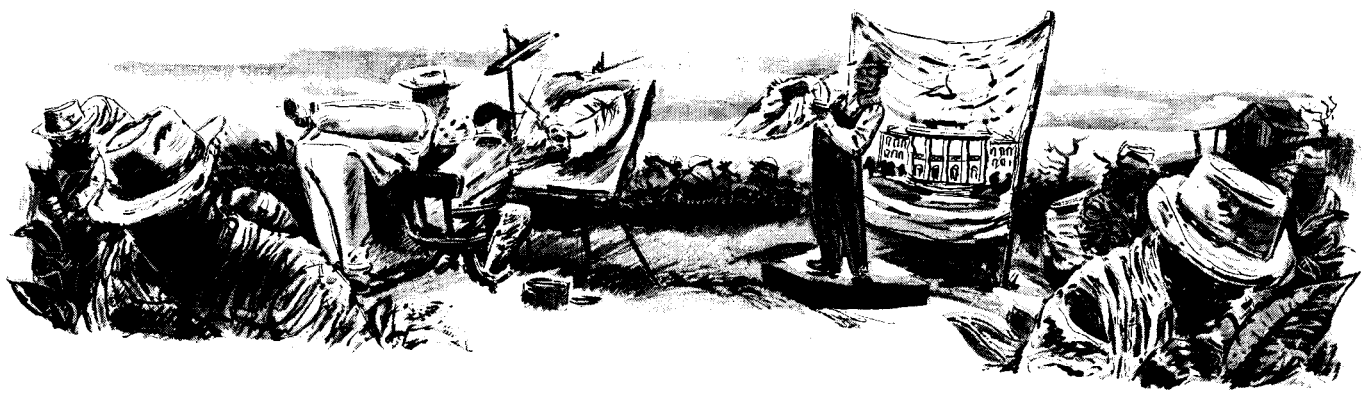
Among the major industrialists to inherit, at Lewenthal's instigation, the hallowed tradition of art protectorship was George Washington Hill, the late president of the American Tobacco Company. The resulting pictures were used in a series of Lucky Strike institutional advertisements.

Lewenthal successfully persuaded Hill to send a number of artists, including Thomas Benton, Georges Schreiber, and Lawrence B. Smith, into the tobacco-growing areas of the South to portray the region's lore as they saw it.

Before departing on this assignment the artists were called into conference at Lucky Strike headquarters and given a few fine hints as to how Hill himself saw Tobaccoland.

"We found we couldn't include Negroes in our pictures—" one of the artists says, "in other words, most of the people who were working in the tobacco fields. Also, no green tobacco. Just golden. The authentic sharecropper had to be shown as a pretty respectable character—you know, brand-new shirts, and overalls with creases in the pants. And the center of the picture—oh yes, they practically composed it for us—had to be a golden leaf of tobacco."

On later assignments the band of documentarians found that the golden leaf had been somewhat symbolic. In the case of an assignment on behalf of a giant whiskey combine, it was hundred-gallon barrels of whiskey. "We could paint whatever we wanted," an artist later said, "as long as it was a barrel." One artist who had the temerity to evade this directive by painting a handsome landscape including his favorite light-and-cloud effects, a building recognizable as the whiskey factory in question, and in the far distance a number of decidedly smallish whiskey barrels, had his work summarily rejected. The whiskey peo-



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ple saw their barrels as very, very big.

Lewenthal's special deals have ranged from the sale of paintings showing locomotives to the executive offices of a large locomotive company to a full-scale documentation of the role of oil in the world economy sold to Standard Oil. Lewenthal pinpoints his artists on the map like an I.B.M. sales manager. An A.A.A. man may occasionally lurch upstate to paint a barn as a breather after a sojourn in Whiskeyland, but such patrons as Dole Pineapple, Maxwell House Coffee, or Pepsi-Cola rarely leave him much time to catch his wind.

The mass assignment of artists has a considerable fascination for merchandisers, the underlying theory possibly being that several men can do a better job than one. The principle applies to merchandisers of symbols as well as of goods. To Lewenthal a deal involving a one-man show lacks the attraction offered by the larger numbers. In the bright realm of merchandising, a deal, to be big, must involve large numbers—not only of dollars but of people. When the numbers are large enough and the services varied enough, the deal becomes a "package." A.A.A.'s packages are big, varied, and expensive.

Lewenthal, who does not himself paint, first arrived at the idea of packaging art during the depression years, when he was working as a publicity man for the National Academy of Design, the Beaux Arts Institute, and other conservative art groups. During the depression, the art-gallery business had been smashed almost to pieces, many worthwhile artists were in a bad way financially, and Lewenthal saw a possibility of reviving the art economy through cheap reproductions of the works of better-known American artists.

As a starter, he quickly got together with Thomas Hart Benton, who was an acquaintance of his, and a group of twenty-two other artists, and proposed a scheme through which lithographs by American artists could be taken out of the art galleries and into the department stores, where they could be sold in bulk at low prices.

At the time, lithographs were being prepared in limited editions of from twenty to a hundred, and sold at prices ranging from fifteen to fifty dollars a print. Lewenthal proposed to increase the edition to 250, which was entirely possible without deterioration of print quality, and to lower the price to five dollars. Instead of a dealer's commission, the artist would be paid a flat fee of two hundred dollars, and an extra hundred dollars when the issues from ten plates were sold out.

The artists were delighted, and Lewenthal began to prosper until price cutting started in the stores. Lewenthal withdrew the prints from them, borrowed more money, and approached the consumer directly through a mail-order catalogue that he advertised in newspapers. Today he spends nearly $400,000 a year in preparing and mailing catalogues to a regular list of 350,000 names. A.A.A. still sells lithographs and etchings—"signed originals"—at five dollars, and has supplemented their issue with color reproductions called Gelatones, which sell matted for $7.50 or "handsomely framed" for $19.50.

That many of Lewenthal's patrons live in the Midwest and in small towns and farms impossibly removed from galleries affords him considerable gratification. In his fight against snobbery, Lewenthal, a snappy dresser who himself lives on an elegant level, does his best to promote his artists as just plain folks. The homespun quality of his men frequently is conveyed to gossip columnists through the mediation of various friendly Broadway characters.

Lewenthal also speaks firmly of the necessity of demonstrating to the public that his artists live up to American standards of respectability. "We circulate photographs of them. We like to show that they don't go around with nude models," he says.

The artistic attitude toward nudity is not unimportant to Lewenthal. Nude studies are not popular among A.A.A. patrons. "People shy away from them, especially those who have children," he says. "They feel nudes belong in a museum or something. There's a time and a place."

Lewenthal's artists are not encouraged to paint abstractions. "Abstractions don't sell," their chieftain remarked recently in his office as he examined a decorative Stonelain rooster presented for his approval by one of his hierarchy. "This rooster is a good example. It has a feeling of free form, but it's definitely a *rooster*. People will buy abstractions as decorations on ashtrays, but our customers wouldn't give ten cents for an abstract painting on their wall."

The works most popular with A.A.A. customers include a painting called "Frolic," by Lawrence B. Smith, showing a group of children dancing; "Mississippi Moon," by Georges Schreiber; and a Vermont landscape by Luigi Lucioni. "In general, anything romantic is okay," Lewenthal says.

Lewenthal is unvaryingly cheerful in bowing to the popular will. "We want to eliminate the overlay of preciosity which has been such a hindrance to the appreciation of art by the general public," he says. "We say that all art forms are valid. We do not, however, step outside the range of public insight." Most of his artists agree that Lewenthal's operation keeps well within the range of their own artistic insight.

Among many of them, Lewenthal and his operating methods attract fairly vigorous opinions. Some of his

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workers consider themselves well satisfied with the drive toward reaching a broader segment of the public. Others of a more brooding disposition have been known to express the view that Lewenthal's attempt to "eliminate the overlay of preciosity" in art has merely brought to it, in the main, an underlay of mediocrity.

"In a high-pressure atmosphere like that," one man with an ambivalent attitude said, "you find yourself turning out paintings like slick-magazine illustrations, with an eye on what will sell and what won't. You're a famous American artist because the catalogues and the full-page ads say you're a famous American artist, and you're famous just as long as the catalogue says so. That can be good for the artist who wants to make dough, and not so good for the artist who wants to do something better and not quite so popular.

"But I will say this for Lewenthal. Thousands of people who are now buying really good art wouldn't have taken any interest in it if they hadn't been stimulated by the A.A.A. program. And Lewenthal has put more business imagination into the art business than all the galleries in the country have. He doesn't sit back behind that plush curtain and just *wait*."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

To Man's Measure . . .

Synagogue in Hoboken

I had seen the Moses Montefiore Synagogue in Hoboken once before. New Yorkers sometimes go to Hoboken, across the Hudson River in New Jersey, for the ferry ride; or to eat steamed clams in the old Clam Broth House, dropping the shells to the sawdust on the floor, drawing the hot broth (free) into small cups; or to walk up River Street past Greek and Dutch eating houses, Dutch and German saloons, to the square in front of the Stevens Institute of Technology, or farther on, to Castle Point with the park around the Stevens Mansion from which they look at the busy harbor and across at Manhattan.

One day I had walked inland from the ferry slip at the Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, down Newark Street. It was then that I had seen the synagogue back of a filling station. It looked abandoned in its desolate surroundings, destined to crumble or be torn down. I turned away. Back in New York, I could not forget it.

"I lived on Grand Street in Hoboken when I was a boy," the attorney told me when I returned to Hoboken, "and of course we were poor. We were Germans and Irish mainly, but there were Italians too, and Jews, not many of them, and it did not matter whether it was the Jewish High Holy Days, or Christmas, or Good Friday, or Easter, if anyone was taken ill the house would be filled with all the neighbors wanting to help. We were poor, very poor, but we were building a neighborhood then, not watching one die.

"We were Orthodox; there were no Reformed or conservative Jews in those days. Early on the Sabbath, fasting of course, I would follow my father and mother to Jersey City; we would walk three miles to the nearest synagogue. After the service we started walking back; and then, along the road, one Jew and then another would be waiting in the street to welcome us into his house, knowing our hunger. At the first house there would be perhaps a glass of wine. We would say a prayer and drink the wine. In a second house, perhaps in a room back of the store, there would be fish, cold, of course, because nothing can be cooked on the Sabbath. Thus, fortified by our brothers, we would return home.

"For Jews to organize a synagogue, a house of assembly, there must be ten adults. At first the Hoboken Jewish community met in a shoe store. We hung up sheets to make the place more dignified; we read the Holy Books, we prayed, we read the Talmud. Then we rented rooms from Peter Kerrigan, who said that he would never rent anything to any Jews at all, but my mother went to see him, and he did, and thereafter he was our friend. In 1898 we organized the Moses Montefiore Synagogue that you are asking about, and in 1902 we built it, with the gallery for the women and the curtains closing them from the sight of the men beneath." The attorney sighed. "It is a lonely place now."

The Jews and the Germans and the Irish have gone from Grand Street. They have moved "uptown," away from the old Moses Montefiore Synagogue. The Jews of Hoboken have a United synagogue now, the Star of Israel on Park Avenue, and a Hoboken Jewish Center on Hudson Street. Rabbi Abraham Hartstein, a graduate of Yeshiva University, combines traditional observance with modern Jewish thought. "But there are only a handful of strictly observant Jews left in Hoboken," Rabbi Hartstein said. "Looking at it one way, it is as if the night were falling; yet we cannot go back to the past, we carry what we can from the past, the eternal truths of the Holy Books, the eternal adoration of the one God, and there are plenty of graven images about us which we must still resist. Currently, some of our people find it hard to turn off Milton Berle in time for a meeting.

"I do not know whom you will find at the old synagogue," the rabbi said. "You may find Reb Chaim there, a

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learned man and a man of prayer. I am told that he studies there every afternoon. He is a descendant of the great Gaon Elijah of Vilna, the holy rabbi."

Some of the pigeons were agitated; some were somnolent; caged two by two, they awaited purchasers in a store window at the intersection of Grand and Newark. Next to the pigeon store, an old man sat amid broken bits of iron and rusty cans in an empty lot talking querulously to himself; he had opened his shirt, unbuttoned his trousers; his hands scratched at his navel.

Beyond the empty lot rose the side wall of the synagogue, unpainted and bleak, but as you continued along Grand Street you came to the traditional architecture of its façade, the steps rising to a classical door, the three Oriental domes, the blending of eastern and western forms. Perhaps it was the high winds of the November storm: The Star of David above the central dome had gone altogether; the stars surmounting the other domes were bent and crooked.

The door to the upper synagogue was closed; I entered a passageway at street level leading to the lower hall. It was the eve of the Sabbath but well before sundown. I planned to attend the sundown service. I reached a second door, knocked, and, receiving no response, opened the door.

At the end of the hall a man stood at a window in the sunlight. He wore a black skullcap and on his shoulders the white prayer shawl of pure wool, the *talis*. He turned, motioned me to a table, and said immediately, "These are the books." I said that I could not read Hebrew. Reb Chaim said, "You would need Aramaic too." I explained that I was a visitor. Reb Chaim said, "We never turn anyone away."

"This," Reb Chaim said, "is a congregation of observant Jews worshiping as they have been worshiping throughout the 5,711 years that Israel is a religion and a people—in Hoboken, in America, but in Warsaw too, in Vilna, persecuted; in Rome itself throughout the centuries, and now once more in freedom in Israel. But freedom is not essential. The world will never accept us—we are the intransigent. We know that we must always be the rejected, the embarrassing witnesses, the unyielding. Yet, as the Law says, whenever we are ten together . . ." Reb Chaim paused. He had been speaking as if I had come to accuse him, as if he had to say everything at once. He looked beyond me at the empty hall. "Even when we are not ten, even when we are alone," he said.

Upstairs in the synagogue we sat in silence. I thought of John Hersey's book *The Wall*, and of the death of the Jews in the Warsaw ghetto. That was part of it, of course, part of being "alone," one way of being alone. I looked at the slender pillars supporting the gallery, at the Ark in which are kept the scrolls, at the lectern before which the cantor stands facing the Ark, at the table just before me to which the reader comes, together with the members of the congregation chosen to say the prayers. I remembered something the attorney had told me: "We put in hot and cold water so that the congregation could take the ritual baths." I remembered him saying, "We were building then, building for the future; we were very proud."

Now the synagogue was "downtown"; nobody came "downtown." That was another way of being "alone": the way Reb Chaim and the few Orthodox were alone. Reb Chaim rose. "The hour is getting late," he said. "It is only on the High Holy Days that we have services upstairs."

Reb Chaim arranged the books on the table in the lower hall. Through the window at which Reb Chaim had stood when I first arrived I could see that the sun was getting low. A man came in and sat at the table. He looked at me. "What does he want?" he asked. Reb Chaim said, "He is a visitor." The man said nothing. After a moment, Reb Chaim looked at the window and opened the Holy Book. "It is nearly sundown; we must start," he said. I said I had to go. Reb Chaim made no motion to detain me. As I was putting on my coat a third man took his seat at the table. The three men sat in silence as I walked to the door. —GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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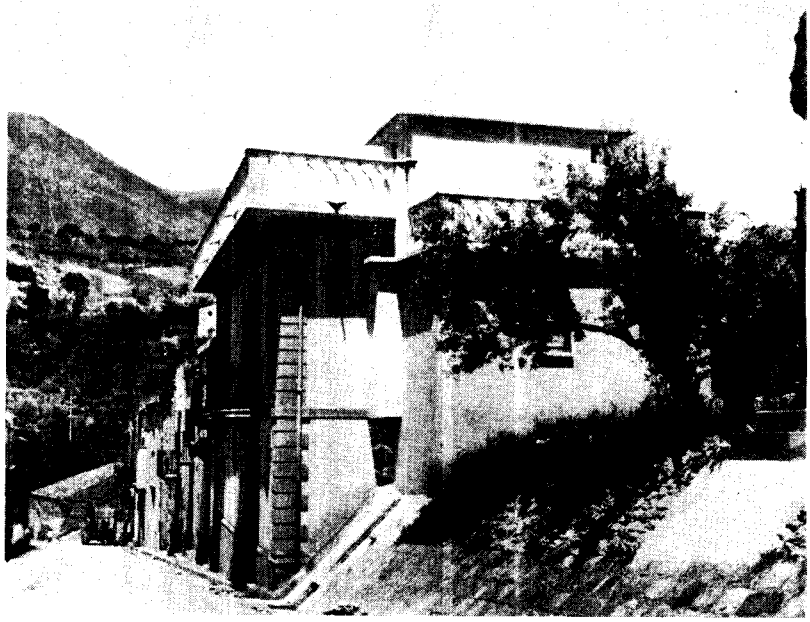
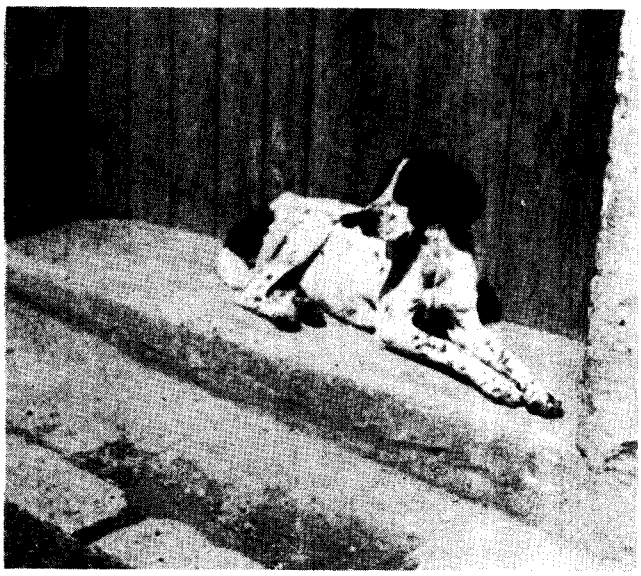
Sicily's Robin Hood and a Maid Marian

The bandit's mother after her release from jail



The home of Salvatore Giuliano in Montelepre



Waiting: Giuliano's faithful hunting dog

Hideout, complete with trapdoor and tunnel

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